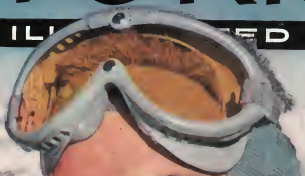


SPORTS

ILLUSTRATED



MARCH 14, 1955

25 CENTS

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PAT ON THE BACK

A salute to some who have earned the good opinion
of the world of sport, if not yet its tallest headlines

PIETER MIJER

At 74, Holland-born Pieter Mijer is the oldest competitive fencer in the U.S. and quite possibly the world. He made the Dutch Olympic fencing team in 1928 and has helped coach many others to national and international titles. He has been fencing 59 years and is still considered one of the top *épée* men in the country. A former national champion, Pieter has fenced for years with New York's Salle Santelli team, still coaches regularly at Giorgio Santelli's school. He claims that by building up his endurance over the years he can still fence 90 minutes at a crack without tiring. Pieter attributes his skill to manual dexterity ("It's in the fingers") and an instinctive sense of knowing where his blade point is at all times.





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SPALDING
SETS THE PACE IN SPORTS

JIMMY JEMAIL'S

HOTBOX



JIMMY JEMAIL

The Question:

Which has a greater
element of danger,
automobile racing
or motorboat racing?

GEORGE J. TRIMPER, Buffalo, N.Y.



President
American Power Boat
Assoc.

"Auto racing. I've raced both. When you have an accident at 150 mph in a boat, your chances are slim. Even so, when you're in an auto smashup at the same speed, you don't have nearly as much chance. Perhaps both are equally dangerous at speeds of 150 mph or more."

UMBERTO LA ROCCA, Italy

Italian Vice Consul



"Motorboat racing. In Italy, Mario Verga was killed at Lake Como attempting to break the world's record. He was speeding under ideal conditions when his boat overturned. He didn't have a chance. I've just accepted the 'Gulf Marine Racing Hall of Fame' certificate for his widow."

JOHN W. MULFORD, Detroit

President Nat'l. Assn.
Engine & Boat Mfg.



"Auto racing. Records show few fatal accidents in boat racing. Water is softer to hit than pavement or dirt. But boat speeds are spiraling. Competition in unlimited classes is overreaching 100 mph. As water speeds go up, the chances of surviving a bad spill are lessened."

MERLYN M. CULVER, Dayton, Ohio

Past President APBA



boats go over 100 mph. But for speeds higher than that, statistics show there are more injuries in motorboat racing than in automobile racing."

"When speeds are 125 miles or over, both are equally dangerous. At 60 mph, falling out of a boat is like falling off a surfboard. Few

MRS. MILDRED FOULKE, Essex, Md.

Speedboat Racer



If you hit a wake, bad chop or large driftwood you don't have much of a chance. I feel safer at 100 mph in a car than I do at 100 mph in a speedboat."

"You have a 50-50 chance in both. I drove a boat 100 mph. The wind closed my nostrils, flattened my face and blurred my vision."

LOU FAGEOL, Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio

Winner, 1956 Gold Cup



"Many competition boats travel faster than most racing cars. An auto race on Utah's salt flats is not as dangerous as last year's Gold Cup, won by *Slo-Mo-Shun V* at a speed of 99.108 mph. But closed auto racing, where guardrails limit a driver's ability to avoid accidents, is more dangerous."

GUY LOMBARDI, Freeport, N.Y.

Orchestra Leader



creeded those of racing boats. However, today's biggest boats are about as fast as the Indianapolis cars. I was thrown from my boat at 70 mph and broke my arm."

"Today the sports are equally dangerous. Until 10 years ago, auto racing was definitely more dangerous. Auto speeds far ex-

HENRY LAUTERBACH, Portsmouth, Va.

Driver, Boat-Builder



might be injured or even killed, but I have a chance to live. At anything like comparable speed in an automobile, the driver would certainly be killed outright."

"Automobile racing. I've driven a boat at 127 mph. At that speed, if I'm thrown out or there's some kind of accident, I

JOE WOLF, Reading, Pa.



**Engine-Building and
Driver**

"Auto racing, by far. Tracks are narrow. You speed close to other drivers. In a boat race, there are no fences or spectators. You have room. I've driven 156 mph in a car and 125 mph in a boat. I spilled out of a boat at 110 mph and wasn't hurt. I'm glad it was a boat."

GIBSON BRADFELD, Sarnesville, Ohio



Former President APBA

"I've raced at Indianapolis and I won the Canadian Gold Cup in my boat. Auto racing used to be more dangerous. Now, with greater speed, boat racing is fully as dangerous, if not more so. You don't have the control of a boat that you have of a car on a specially prepared track."

MAJOR HORACE E. DODGE JR., Detroit



Builder of Racing Boats

"Boat racing is not as dangerous as Mexico's Pan American auto race, but it's more dangerous than racing on a track where you know conditions. You seldom know them when racing a boat. You're more likely to get killed in an auto race, but there's more chance of being hurt in a boat."

**NEXT WEEK'S
QUESTION:**

**Is it possible for a horse player
to beat the races?**

coronado 20

fastest stock runabout in the world

Coronado 20 is a new type of convertible with a stylish white orlon Landa top and panoramic wrap-around automotive style windshield. A new $\frac{3}{4}$ seat in front of the motor hatch permits increasing the seating capacity to 10 adult passengers. Completely re-designed, the Coronado is available with the latest high-speed engines including modern V-8's. Speeds over 50 miles per hour are developed, making the Coronado the fastest production runabout in the world.

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and I've been delighted
ever since.

J. F. Henry,
Dallas, Texas

DEMAND

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such demand around
our house that we
have ordered a
second subscription.

Associate Professor Arthur C. Fern,
Univ. of Oregon, Eugene, Ore.

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MEMO FROM THE PUBLISHER



A WHILE ago, Frank Nemits of Rome, N.Y., a loyal (and most thorough) student of **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**, could stand it no longer. Putting pen firmly to paper, he wrote us a letter:

As an alumnus of Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute I have for weeks now been looking for one bit of news, some score, some tidbit of information about collegiate hockey. (RPI won the NCAA championship last year.)

I have read about basketball, boxing, football, professional hockey, horse racing, ice skating, swimming, golf, fishing, shuffleboard, bowling, badminton, track and field, auto racing, shooting, skiing, tennis, soccer, wrestling, motor boating, lacrosse, handball, fencing, sailing, dog shows, field hockey, weight lifting, rugby, squash racquets, bridge, girl watching, table tennis, curling, chess, jai alai, rodeo, cricket, curling, gymnastics, ski jumping, baseball, bicycling, polo, billiards, but not one word about collegiate hockey.

How about giving us a break and a little news about this great collegiate sport? Everything else seems to be covered.

Reader Nemits' final sentence was reassuring. Especially as SI was hard at work preparing a story on college hockey at the very time his letter arrived. More than "a little news," it became the lead article in our Feb. 21 issue under the title, *U.S. Colleges Take to the Ice*, a midseason report on one of today's fastest-growing college sports.

Mr. Nemits' list of sports is an imposing one, although he forgot to mention a few: water polo, motorcycling, horseshoe p.tching, hunting, lawn bowling, parachute jumping, croquet, bullfighting, archery, Gaelic football, fox hunting, mountain climbing, horseback riding, ballooning, rowing, skin diving, diving, softball, spelunking, water skiing, bobsledding, airplaning, surfboarding, snowshoeing, snow-skiing, soapbox auto racing. And I guess if Mr. Nemits goes along with girl watching, he'll let me have hog calling, while I catch my breath.

But, most of all, while the *quantity* of sports is large and will grow larger, **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**'s foremost concern in reporting all sports is always in the authoritative, timely and interesting *quality* of coverage—the kind of quality aimed to allow every reader to read every story with as much pleasure as I hope Mr. Nemits received from reading the one he looked for so hard.

Harry Phillips



SPORTS

(ILLUSTRATED)

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COVER: Young Skier Buddy Werner

Photograph by JOERN GERHARTS

Last winter, 18-year-old Wallace (Buddy) Werner of Steamboat Springs, Col. made the long jump from 1952 National Junior Champion to a berth on the U.S. team at the world championships in Sweden. A twisted ankle took Buddy out of that meet, but his earlier win in Norway's Holmenkollen downhill against the world's best alpine skiers marked him as a man to watch. This week and next, Buddy races for a berth on the U.S. Olympic team (see pp. 22-27).

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IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

GIANTS VS. INDIANS

It sounds like the World Series all over again—but that's only part of the spring baseball story out of Arizona. ROBERT CREAMER will round it all up in words—players, training drill, and exhibitions—with HY PESKIN taking the pictures.

DIAMOND SCREWBALL

Al Schacht was a fixture of the game, as player and as comic, for four decades. Out of his rich recollection he brings back men whose names will live as long as baseball is played, and which SI presents here in excerpts from his forthcoming book.

PARRY O'BRIEN

With the four-minute mile, the crossing of the 66-foot line in shot-putting is one of the great achievements of sports. A personable young Irishman from California is the only man to do it so far—and JOEL SATRE tells how the feat was accomplished.

PLUS: GRAND PRIX RACE AT SEBRING AND CHARGING RHINOS IN COLOR

LOOK OUT!

by **ALFRED WRIGHT**

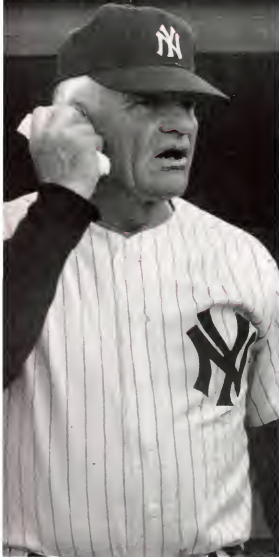
Look at them line drives," snorted Charles Dillon Stengel, the gnarled oak of baseball whose roots are now firmly planted in the sod of Yankee Stadium. Mr. Stengel was peering through the rope mesh of a batter's cage in St. Petersburg, Fla., where his Yankee baseball team was starting to work the winter's creaks and squeaks from its joints. "This Silvera'll hit you nothing but line drives, won't you, Charlie? Hey, Charlie, they could use you in the movies, Charlie. How much you charge—\$200 a line drive?"

Mr. Stengel was in a happy frame of mind as his athletes sweated and grunted under the Florida sun. At 64, the onetime Kansas City dental student who swiped the name of Casey from his home town was enjoying some visions—visions of a sixth American League pennant in seven years. Last fall, after the Yankees finished second to Cleveland—thus failing to win the championship for the first time since Casey took charge in 1949—he was petulant and irascible. He even went so far as to say he would trade any players on his ball club except Yogi Berra and Mickey Mantle.

BLOOD IN A BLUE EYE

Stengel's winter barbers were not that drastic, but he made a deal with the Baltimore Orioles that was the biggest baseball news since the World Series. He dealt off nine players, including dependable Outfielder Gese Woodling, Pitcher Harry Byrd, who had been only so-so in a Yankee uniform, a promising young catcher named Hal Smith, who led the American Association in batting last year, and some lesser talent. In return he got 24-year-old Bob Turley, probably the fastest pitcher in the major leagues, a couple of mediocre infielders and a questionable pitcher named Don Larsen. Casey was looking for a pitcher

CASEY STENGEL scans field, possibly looking for that fourth starting pitcher.



HERE COMES CASEY

With his beaten Bombers back in spring training, Ol' Casey talks (in dialect) about the kind of team he believes will again terrorize the American League and retake the pennant

who could win 20 games, and Turley was the target of his trading.

Now Stengel is back in Florida with blood in his eye and a slight California patio around his wastline after a winter at home tending to his lucrative business interests and plotting another pennant. In Casey's mind there is only one logical and satisfactory place for that American League pennant: Yankee Stadium.

During the first week of training, Casey shuffled and jiggled his way around the grass of Miller Huggins Field, his blue, hawk's eyes taking in the performances and mistakes of an impressive but unevenly distributed collection of 46 ballplayers whose number he must reduce to 25 by May 12. Running through his mind was the question now bothering the entire American League: Does he have the pitching and the infield?

In his own anarchistic syntax, Casey has a way of bringing such matters into sharp focus. Musing on his dilemma, Casey said early in the week: "So, the way you look at it, you've got to say that if Mantle plays good I've got the best outfield in the league and the best catchers in the league. My outfield and my catching departments are of pennant-winning caliber, but if you want to go to the infield you can't say how strong it is or who will finally play where, although I know now who will start the way they figure at this moment. Then there's my pitching, and that's the other thing."

At noon each day, while the players took their brief break for lunch, Casey would retreat to the shade of the dugout and discuss for reporters some aspect of his team and its prospects. The first day it was the outfield, whose roster of only five players is incredibly thin for a manager like Stengel.

"Well, now look what we got," Casey began. "In left we got this Noren who's a fella can lead the league and bat you over .300, but then you think he's left-handed and you hardly ever see a grace-

ful left-handed fella in left field can turn around and make that throw to second, but Noren can do it.

"Now Mantle. This year if he could play great I know I'd be better than last year. Look at the way he can hit left-handed to left and right, and right-handed to right and left, and he's fast on his feet for a base runner and a strong fella if he can improve his play."

FILLING THE OUTFIELD

"I'll go to right field and I'll say we got Bauer, and you got to play him a lot else he ain't gonna hit all the time cause he likes to work, and when he's workin' he's playin' good.

"Now Cerv comes into the picture, who led the American Association [actually he was second in 1951] one year. Then there's Slaughter, and he's a little old [39], but he'll pinch-hit any time for you, and even if it weren't for nothing else he's got the spirit that makes a ball club go like you hardly ever see, and then there's Collins [first baseman Joe Collins].

"If I get in a jam at first base I have Collins at number six in my outfield. Now this new fella Elston Howard [the rookie Negro catcher]. He come down here with a bad leg, and I don't know how he's gonna do for us until I see what shape he's in. But he can play outfield, and a fella like that who bats .350 up in Toronto can pinch-hit for you and he can run too."

On the second day Casey again assembled the reporters at noon, crossed his legs in the dugout and discussed the other department over which he loses no sleep—the catchers. With the tireless and indestructible Berna, probably the best catcher in baseball, the Yankees are more than adequately staffed. But they can back him up with 30-year-old Charlie Silvera, the line-drive hitter, and the sensational but still unproven rookie, Elston Howard. Stengel sized it up this way:

"Berna's in good shape this year, for continued on next page



MICKEY MANTLE, free of old ailments, has relaxed his powerful but erratic swing.



ELSTON HOWARD, first Yankee Negro, will help spell Catcher Yogi Berna (left).



BOB TURLEY relies on Coach Jim Turner to get his fireball under control in '55.



PROFESSOR STENGEL gets his eloquence by full use of fingers, hands, legs,



eyes, ears, nose and throat. In forthright before spring training, while conducting



Yankees rookie school, he lectures young players on spitting (as here) and other fine

HERE COMES CASEY *continued*

one reason because he's been down here for three weeks or more and don't have to take too many pounds off his body, so if he don't get too nervous on the screen making all them moving pictures [here Stengel gestured toward a camera crew making a baseball training film in the corner of the park] I'd say he could catch all the games this year.

"Silvera, of course, is one of the best catchers in the league, if not the best. He's a very intelligent catcher and a good line-drive batter who will hit you over .300 all the time. I don't know whether to use Howard as my second

catcher or my third catcher. Howard's a three-way man [he also plays first base and outfield] and this boy is a very powerful hitter, as you know if you have looked at the figures [he hit 22 home runs at Toronto last year]."

The third day Stengel turned to the infield, one of his two major question marks. Having now made it clear to the press that he intended to go sparingly this year on the two-platoon system which has been his trade-mark, he tried to sort a starting line-up out of the nine experienced major leaguers and five rookies presently in camp. The discourse went like this:

"Okay—Carey. Now I've got to

start with Andy Carey at third base with that record he's got of hitting .300, and he played better in the second half of the season. He's very young, and he's been troubled by that arm, but he's a good, trying fella. But where else am I gonna play Carey? He can't play short with his arm, and he can't play second, so he's gotta be third."

WHO'S ON WHERE?

"Second's got to be McDougald the way he hits. No matter where he plays he is always fourth in Runs Batted In no matter where he is in the batting order—second, fifth, sixth, eighth, anywhere. He's one of the best base runners on my club, although the average person sitting up in the grandstand don't believe it when you tell it to them.

"If you want to go to short, that's something. Rizzuto looks in good shape. He's got on glasses, and sometimes that's a good thing and sometimes it's a bad thing, but it does help some men. Last year they weren't much help, but I thought they annoyed him, and maybe he didn't feel so safe wearing them. But you still got to figure Rizzuto was the best shortstop in the league, and maybe he still is.

"All their jokes are still open.

"Skowron—you got to go with him at first. Collins is possibly the best first baseman in the league, if you look what they got in the league now, so if it isn't Skowron it's got to be Collins. Collins hits well against some pitching.

"Why am I so strong on Skowron? Hitting. He's got a good arm, and he can throw to them other bases, so if he can field and hold the grounders he'll be all right."

It is Yankee pitching, however, which will decide the fate of the team. For his key starter Casey looks to Whitey Ford, the New York City boy

YANKEE BENCH: CASEY'S BANK ROLL

Eight first stringers and three spare pitchers are backed by a wealth of substitutes and trading bait. Twin problems are—

THE INFIELD RESERVES

Outstanding among five proven major leaguers in this group is Jerry Coleman, 30, regular Yankee second baseman until the Marines took him to Korea in 1952. A great glove man, he can also play shortstop, hits well in the clutch. From the Baltimore deal comes Billy Hunter, 24, who is a good-fielding, weak-hitting shortstop. Among six possible first basemen are Dick Kyackowski, 28, also from the Orioles, whose bat went sour last year; Emilio Hebbronson, 34, an American League ex-catcher whose long ball makes him the kind of pinch hitter Stengel likes on the bench; and Joe Collins, 32, a Yankee veteran who can also play outfield. Two bonus babies who must remain on the roster are Frank Leja, 19, hulking first baseman, and Tom Carroll, 18, tall shortstop. Billy Martin, star of the 1953 champions, isn't due for Army release until October.

THE PITCHING STAFF

Search for a fourth starter still centers on the present staff. It could be Tommy Byrne, 35, onetime Yankee ace who was brought up late last year after a sensational comeback with Seattle. He could stick as a starter or reliever if his old wildness doesn't return. Another possibility is Don Larsen, 25, who lost 21 and won only three for Baltimore last year but may be better than that. Art Schallack, 29, small left-hander who had a fine 1954 season with Oakland is a sleeper, while the big question mark is Tom Morgan, 24. Troubled with injuries last year, he had a disappointing 11 wins. The strength of the ball pen will probably depend on right-handers Jim Konstanty, 38, and Johnny Sain, 38, two one-time National League greats who still have plenty of guile, and Tom Gorman, 29, up from Kansas City for another try at the big time.



points of game. School has produced such grooks as Mantle, McDougald and Grim.

who was an 18-game winner in his first full season. In 1954 Ford faltered in the closing months and his 16-8 record was a disappointment. Slimmer this spring, he has Stengel's hopes up.

The number two pitcher is Bob Grim, the American League's Rookie of the Year for 1954, when he won 20 games and lost only six. Grim had trouble going the full nine innings, but the Yankees feel that age and experience will give him durability.

Turley, the man from Baltimore, completes the list of regular starters now set in Casey's mind. With the sickly Orioles last year he won 14 games, but he also lost 15. Like so many young fastballers he tends towards wildness, and the Yankees are counting heavily on wise old pitching coach Jim Turner to tame this instinct.

In aging Eddie Lopat, the Yankees have what Casey calls "a fifth pitcher." He is slow and crafty, but he will be 37 in June and hardly able to pitch more than once every five or six days.

Casey spends a good deal of his time in camp watching the work of the other 19 pitchers in training. By April 12, when he plays his opening game against Washington, Casey hopes to know whether his fourth starting pitcher—to back up Ford, Grim and Turley—will emerge from his present talent. If not, he will have to go to market again and perhaps deal off one or two first-stringers to get what he wants and needs so badly.

These things furrow Casey's brow, but they don't destroy his confidence. This week a reporter suggested to Casey that no one would ever repeat his performance of five consecutive pennants. Casey, who expects to be around the Yankees for a long time yet, looked like a man suffering from a mild personal affront. Then he muttered, "I'm not so sure about that." **END**



OLD 37, already immortal in Yankee legend, rests against batting cage at end

of day while Coach Bill Dickey (33) winds up the practice with a brisk infield drill.

SOUNDTRACK

THE EDITORS MEDITATE ON THE ETHICS OF STOCK CAR DOPING,
POINT OUT THE SAWDUST TRAIL TO THE INTERNATIONAL BOXING
CLUB AND POUND THE BIG BASS DRUM FOR THE HARVARD BAND

Saliva test for cars?

STOCK CAR racing, a fairly new sport but running in high gear financially, with \$1,800,000 distributed in prizes last year by the National Association for Stock Car Racing alone, has come up against a problem which annually, continually and recurrently confronts horse racing.

The problem is cheating. The presumption on which horse racing is based is that the thoroughbreds are running without the aid of artificial stimulation. To guard against dope the race tracks have instituted a system of saliva testing which has at least the advantage of being simple, though its effectiveness is questioned.

But there is no simple test for the doctored car. The presumption on which stock car racing is based is that the cars are pretty much what any motorist would drive away from his dealer's, equipped with only such parts as are listed in the manufacturer's catalog and without benefit of hopped-up engine, racing-rigged suspension or bastard gear-axle ratios. In some respects, even the most minute modifications are forbidden. An entrant has been disqualified merely because he had soldered four grub screws holding the butterfly valve on his carburetor as a precaution against their shaking loose.

It is not easy to detect such violations. Without a simple test NASCAR has done the next best thing. It has adopted a complicated and time-consuming test, one which may postpone knowledge of who won for a full day. After the 160-mile Grand National at Daytona Beach the first five cars were stripped down, nut by nut and bolt by bolt. And, as in the year before, the supposed winner, Glenn (Fireball) Roberts, was disqualified because his 1955 Buick Century had been tampered with (SI, March 7). The winner was declared to be Tim Flock, driving a Chrysler 300—which recalled that in 1954's race Tim Flock had won and then been disqualified for a mechanical violation.

Precautions against cheating are a

commonplace necessity in many sports. Boxers' gloves and hand-taping are examined before a match. The loaded bat has turned up from time to time in baseball. And, oddly enough, when sly advantage is taken in these sports no one becomes too indignant. No one has become much exercised about stock car tampering, either.

In the days when tennis was despised as a sissy game because players wore white flannels and unblushingly used the word "love," there was a pleasant little convention seldom seen now-



CONTRAST

The expert has a fancy reel;

I use a simple line.

His fish go in a swifter creek;

A gunny sack holds mine.

The flies he ties are jays to see;

Mine look like shredded fuzz.

But does he catch more fish than me?

You're doggone right he does!

—Irwin L. Stein

days. A player who thought the umpire had made a mistake in his favor would throw away the next point. The idea was that a sportsman would not take unfair advantage of an opponent, even legally. The idea must still be lying around somewhere.

California counterpunch

LATEST GOVERNOR to decide that boxing could do with a close shave and a hot shower is Goodwin J. Knight of California. Close on similar decisions

by the governors of New York, Connecticut and Pennsylvania, Knight announced he was investigating attempts to intimidate his boxing commission chairman, Anthony F. Entenza.

A succession of visitors to Entenza's hospital bedside, where he was seriously ill of anemia, cost the commission chairman four pounds in weight. Objective: to persuade him to let the Chamrem Songkritrat-Raton Maelas bout go on as a 15-rounder for the bantamweight championship of the world, as billed by the International Boxing Club (James D. Norris, President). Result: Entenza left his sickbed just long enough to cast a deciding vote against the billing and reduce the fight to a 12-round, nonchampionship size.

The governor said he would investigate reports that "gangsters and mobsters" were trying to control the sport in California and that "the boxing trust" was moving in.

Thought for IBC

IN the world of coast-to-coast headlines there are two Billy Grahams—Evangelist Billy from North Carolina and Welterweight Billy from Manhattan's East Side. By chance they followed each other in Madison Square Garden on successive nights, and comparative attendance figures may give the International Boxing Club something to think about. For his losing fight to Chico Vejar, Welterweight Billy drew 4,800. For a good, clean wrestle with the forces of universal delinquency, Evangelist Billy drew 22,000, with another 5,000 packed around loudspeakers in the street.

The golden marble

BLONDE and uninhibited Norah Lady Docker has let neither expense nor wagging tongues impede her attempts to prove that ostentation and frivolity are still possible in England. When Britain was in the toils of the austerity program Lady Docker and Sir Bernard, her wealthy industrialist husband, lolled aboard their yacht

Shemura off the Riviera; in the years since, Lady Docker has been thrown out of the casino at Monte Carlo (after slapping an employee's face), ridden through London in a gold-plated Daimler (chromium, she explained, was scarce at the time), started a newspaper column, descended into a coal mine and given scandalously lavish parties at the Royal Thames Yacht Club.

But has Lady Docker materially aided marbles playing in Britain? A prickly question! It would be safe to state, however, that Lady Docker has formally embraced the game, has been photographed at practice on hands and knees aboard the yacht and that she has been publicly acclaimed—at least in the Yorkshire industrial town of Castleford—as the “world’s woman marble-playing champion.” If the championships, won at Castleford’s Right Neet Aht (Right Night Out)—an annual shindig for Britain’s Cancer Relief Fund—is suspect, so is the professional wrestling championship.

It would be impossible to deny, however, that Lady Docker is the game’s best-dressed player. She arrived in Castleford for the big contest (played against 10 Yorkshire factory girls) in her gold-plated car, was received with cheers (Sir Bernard contributed £1,000 to the cancer fund) and knelt on a gold cushion, wearing a ballerina-length blue sequin dress, blue mascaraed eyelashes and a pint of diamonds when the marbles contest began. Her opponents had, it is true, been carefully coached against winning—Castleford had already prepared a golden marble on a golden stand as first prize and fully intended to present it to her. When one teen-age factory girl showed signs of beating Lady Docker, beefy Sid Colclough, the shindig’s organizer, roared: “Hey, none of that. That’s fudging her!” (She was, he implied, throwing her marble instead of “filiping” it.)

Nevertheless, Lady Docker did win. She did claim to have raised a callus on her index finger. She did say: “I play marbles because I like the game.” Afterward she danced and drank with Castleford citizens until 3 in the morning. Officials of the British Marbles Board of Control at Tinsley Green, Sussex were incensed when they received word of the contest. “Lady Docker,” said Secretary George Burbridge bitterly, “knows nothing of marbles and she never will.” But nobody seemed to be listening. “A proper lady,” said her Castleford fans. “Not stood oop, like some.”

The Harvard drum

IN A DAY when college hands have grown almost as big as Army divisions and when college bandmen maneuver at half time like zombies in the tolls of some master hypnotist,

Harvard still maintains a hearteningly old-fashioned and informal attitude toward football music. The Harvard band is usually larded out with ringers from the Cambridge fire department (student bandsmen reciprocate by switching uniforms and playing for the fire department when the need arises), and during the past decade a Harvard janitor named Stanley De Pinto has been Harvard’s drum major. Harvard, however, has long boasted a source of half-time entertainment unavailable to more splendidous musical organizations: the biggest “playable” bass drum in the world (except, perhaps, for one in Japan and a University of Chicago drum which Toscanini could not get into Carnegie Hall back in 1938).

The drum, which is six feet in diameter and mounted on bicycle wheels, has been proudly exhibited—perhaps flaunted in the word—at football games ever since it was presented to the band



by the Associated Harvard Clubs 28 years ago. It has been thumped in various ways. In its youth it was clobbered by a drummer who galloped along beside as it was whirled around the field by volunteer coolies. Later a 13-year-old fireman’s son rode on top of it, whacking it with one hand while hanging on with the other. But in the last three years the drum has gone unbeaten—it was obvious that age was finally undermining it. The end came in January. One of the drumheads, strained by a change of weather, suddenly split wide open.

The fact, duly noted in the *Alumni Bulletin* (“War Drum Throbs No Longer”), disturbed Harvard men from coast to coast—the more because the University of Florida cheekily acquired a drum of similar size last year. None, however, offered to buy a new one (although one California alumnus suggested that the old drumheads be cut up into bookmarks and sold, and that the funds thus raised be used for a replacement). Drum manufacturers protested, moreover, that it would be exceedingly difficult to find two cows with hides big enough to make new drumheads and that properly tanning and curing them would be harder yet.

Harvard students themselves, however, rallied sternly and started a “dimes for the drum” campaign. Band Manager Arnold Aronson found a manufacturer, The Slingerland Drum Company of Chicago, willing to build a new drum six feet in diameter and 24 inches wide for \$800. The new instrument will be strongly built. It must be if tradition is to be satisfied. Harvard men still happily remember the Yale undergraduate who ran out on the field in 1947, dove head first at the old drum in an attempt to sail clean through it—and simply bounced off, knocking himself cold as a salt herring in the process.

Armed Forces T.T.

MEMBERS of the Armed Forces Track Team wear white uniforms with the inscription “Armed Forces T.T.” between double bars running diagonally across the chest. It is an attractive uniform but one that was, at the start of this indoor track season,

continued on next page



entirely unfamiliar to track fans. They took to wondering about it, particularly since it appeared on a succession of superb competitors who won their full share of glory at the big eastern meets this season: Miler Fred Dwyer, Shotputter Parry O'Brien, Sprinter Rod Richards, High Jumper Herman Wyatt and a host of other accomplished track men.

Just what is this team that boasts such stars? Where did it come from? How did it start? What is it for?

It was conceived last fall when the realization that Russia might very well run off with the 1956 Olympics began to get widespread attention in the U.S. What could be done to strengthen America's chances? Kenneth L. (Tag) Wilson, president of the U.S. Olympic Committee, had an idea. Most of America's strength in the key Olympic sport of track and field (and in other sports, too) lies in the colleges. But athletes graduating from college nowadays usually enter one or another of the armed services for a year or two of military training. This means that some of the nation's best athletes are retiring from competition just at the peak of their ability, a severe drain on U.S. Olympic resources.

Wilson wrote to Defense Secretary Charles E. Wilson and asked for help. Secretary Wilson sent the letter on to the Defense Department's interservice sports council, and there was shortly set up a Committee on International Sports Competition. After due chintzing, this committee recommended: 1) that the Armed Forces work jointly on a program of international sports competition, with the first target the 1955 Pan-American Games, and 2) that the Air Force take charge of basketball, the Navy of swimming, the Marines of baseball, and the Army of track and field and pentathlon, with the further proviso that men from any branch could compete for a place on any of the international teams.

The various branches of the service combed their rosters, discovered the top track-and-field performers and sent them to Maryland on temporary assignment for 45 to 60 days of intensive training before the Pan-American Games. A total of 47 went to Maryland but only the very best—about 25 in all—were kept in training. They were billeted at the Forest Glen annex of Walter Reed Hospital and assigned to light duties. They worked out twice daily at the University of Maryland under Maryland's track coach, Jim Kehoe, competed in the big indoor meets each week and pointed for the Pan-American Games.

When the 33-man Pan-American squad was selected three weeks ago, 12 members of the Armed Forces Track Team found places on it. They were

then reassigned to Fort Sam Houston in San Antonio where they underwent final training for the games, which begin this Saturday in Mexico City.

After the games end, on March 26, they will all return to regular duty



(which their less-successful teammates have already done). The uniforms will be packed away and track fans won't see them again until the next big international competition—the 1956 Olympic—is in the offing.

The spirit of camaraderie

The International Boxing Managers Guild met in convention at Miami Beach, looked at the world of boxing through a clear-blue haze and arrived at some decisions.

Newsmen were barred from the business meetings, but the decisions were announced by Murray Frank, legal adviser to the Guild, who identified himself to the one reporter who hung around to hear them.

"I am Murray Frank, the prominent labor lawyer from New York," he said.

"The Genius," broke in Jack (Doc) Kearns, promoter and onetime manager of Jack Dempsey.

Lawyer Frank smiled.

"They call me The Genius," he admitted, "but I don't want my clients to find out. They'll figure I'm too expensive."

He told them of the Guild's desire to limit the granting of managers' licenses (38 managers attended the convention) and to establish a welfare fund for "just about everybody connected with boxing," including managers.

"It was all very gentlemanly, and a spirit of camaraderie pervaded the atmosphere," The Genius said.

The convention was held at the impressive Algiers Hotel, through which strolled mink coats, Billinis and purple suede shoes. But the managers, indoor types all, wore solid-color suits, white-on-white shirts and ties in the evening. They spent most of their time in compact groups in their rooms—gawking and making matches, renewing acquaintances—and in the business meetings. These were held in a tiny room contiguous to the swimming pool and normally the office of the hotel's social director, public relations director and catering department manager. Whenever a delegate entered or left a meeting the thumpety-thump of a small rumba band, playing for the cabana set, clamored into the room. Young women looking for the social director went up to the door, stared at the managers in a bewildered way and went away.

The big event was the dinner, at which Miami Mayor Abe Aronovitz, a slim little man with a crew cut and strong convictions, spoke out for himself and other boxing fans.

He welcomed the delegates, then took aim at the International Boxing Club (James D. Norris, President) and Al Weill, manager of Heavyweight Champion Rocky Marciano. Weill was not present. Waiting a bit before pulling the trigger, Aronovitz told of seeing a crowd of Miamians watching two roaches in a store window.

"I am reminded of the incident," he said, "by what is going to take place in California next May. It seems to me that it is the wrong fight in the wrong place at the wrong time—and about as good an attraction as those roaches. Instead of Rocky Marciano fighting Don Cockell, I urge the newspaper men present to see what they can do about bringing Marciano to Miami to fight a worthy challenger—Nino Valdes."

There was applause, and the huge Valdes, sitting in the back of the room, rose, grinned toothily and clasped hands above his head. The Cuban fighter understands a little English, but whenever a speaker mentioned his name he rose hastily and waved to the crowd.

Bobby Gleason, Valdes' tiny, balding manager, nodded his head vigorously at the mayor's statement, but Charley Johnston, Guild president, did not. He commandeered the microphone to say:

"That's a very fine idea the mayor has, but there's one thing wrong with it. The right fight is Marciano and a fighter of mine named Archie Moore, who already has whipped Valdes."

Gleason spoke bitterly about Weill, but Johnston, for all his ready defense of the principle of the thing, then took a strangely pragmatic view, quite at odds with the vigorous, independent lecture tour that Moore has waged around the country in an effort to win public support for a Marciano-Moore bout.

"I don't blame Al," Johnston said generously. "If I owned Marciano I'd take Cockell, too. Why fight a guy like Archie where he [Marciano] can get killed when there's a Cockell available?"

No one answered that because it is managerial logic and unassailable, and Doc Kearns said he was trying to close a match between Valdes and Moore for Las Vegas in May (81, March 7).

"I think it's the best fight available in the world," he said, "especially when you consider the bad match Marciano's got. It'll draw a fortune."

Gleason agreed.

"Kearns'll bill it as for the heavyweight championship of the world," he explained. "You can get away with stuff like that in Nevada."

THE WOMEN ARE HERE TO STAY

The next seven pages are devoted strictly to the girls—high school girls, college girls and intercontinental girls—as part of SI's continuing, and slightly awed, report on the fashion in which they have been moving into the World of Sport and making themselves at home. SI sent former Tennis Champion Sarah Palfrey to Haverford, Pa. to watch British and American girls settle an international squash championship (pages 80, 81); in Florida, SI found some

pretty coeds shoving off in eight-oared shells (pages 17-19). And in Des Moines last week (below) a small army of high school girls took over basketball completely. Iowa's five-day Girls State Championships drew 72,000 to Des Moines' huge new Veterans Memorial Auditorium. Sixteen teams—survivors of a 720-team field—fought it out for the title, cheered on by rooting sections often larger than a town's whole population. Surprise winner: Goldfield (pop. 600).



STAR OF IOWA tournament was diminutive (5 ft. 2 in.), dark-uniformed Ardith Ann Mair of Gilman team, shown leaping high to deflect a pass. Ardith Ann scored a record 53 points against

Gilbert team, prompting her astonished mother to muse out loud: "When the doctor checked her for her physical, he thought she was undernourished." Gilman lost to Goldfield in semifinals.

FOR MORE IOWA GIRLS, TURN THE PAGE . . .



VICTORIOUS GOLDFIELD GIRLS WIN DEVOTED ATTENTION OF BOYFRIENDS (LEFT), DEVOUR ACCOUNTS OF COURT TRIUMPH IN THE NEWSPAPERS

THE WINNERS

Goldfield is a typical small Iowa farm town in Wright County. Being typical, it is intensely proud of its high school girls basketball team, coached by a soft-spoken ex-pole vaulter named Jim Carroll. This year's 12-girl squad, utilizing

a third of the school's girl enrollment, was the best in years. They lost their opener, then won 25 straight to enter the state tournament. Unnoticed, Goldfield moved through the lower bracket. In the semifinals they beat Gilman and Ardith Ann Mairs (*previous page*), as Jane DeWitt, who drives a tractor and is sharp at raising chickens, held Ardith

Ann to five shots from the field. In the finals the Goldfields, who skip rope in training, faced powerful Hobstein (pop. 1,400) whose girls do three miles of daily road work. Goldfield came from behind to tie. Then, in a nerve-racking overtime, Forward Delores Frakes coolly dunked seven vital free throws to give Goldfield the title, 53-51.

SECONDS AFTER THE FINAL GUN, GOLDFIELD COACH CARROLL RUSHES TO CONGRATULATE DELORES FRAKES (27), WHO SCORED WINNING POINTS



COEDS IN FLORIDA TAKE UP OARS

MARCH 4, 1955 will go down in sports history as the day women took over man's traditional eight-oared shell and launched intersectional competition with each other. The scene: Lake Hollingsworth in Lakeland, Fla., where prettily muscled coeds from Florida Southern College have been rowing intramurally for a year or more. This time the girls' varsity had an outside opponent—a veteran crew from the Philadelphia Girls Rowing Club, well trained in sculls, pairs and fours but inexperienced in the big eights. At the start of the three-quarter-mile race the visitors spurred ahead, but midway they began to tire. The well-drilled college girls closed the gap steadily to win by less than half a length. Apparently undiscouraged, the Philadelphia girls chattered hopefully about a return match.

SORORITY SISTERS grasp oars in impressive attitudes before one of the preliminary crew races.



GLEEFUL FLORIDA SOUTHERN WINNERS PERFORM TRADITIONAL VICTORY RITE, TOSS COXSWAIN, MARY BRYANT, INTO LAKE HOLLINGSWORTH



FOR VIEW OF THE WINNERS IN ACTION, TURN PAGE . . .

SETTING A 'STEADY 25'

Their faces already showing the strain, the Florida Southern crew picks up the stroke beat. Told by Coach Roy Couch, retired Buffalo, N.Y. policeman, to set a "steady 25" strokes-a-minute pace, they out-powered the faster-stroking (30 plus) Philadelphians. The coeds trained

hard for the race, willingly gave up smoking, soft drinks, milk shakes. Said Captain Margery Hamilton: "I'd rather row than have 10 dates." This sense of dedication also was present in another, perhaps more sophisticated group of women athletes, the squash stars shown on page 20.



THE BEST RACQUETS

RECENTLY seven British girls, captained by World Champion Janet Morgan, came to the U.S. determined to beat American women at their own racquets, i.e., squash. They did. Captain Morgan won the national singles title, beating the No. 1 U.S. player, Peggy Howe White (*below*). Then she led her team to an impressive 4-1 victory in the Wolfe-Noel Cup matches, a competition comparable to the Davis Cup in tennis. This was not the only parallel. The few spectators who were able to crowd into the skid-marked Merion Cricket Club court (*right*) in Haverford, Pa. found Captain Morgan's girls as intensely conditioned and as fiercely dedicated as Harry Hopman's hyper-trained Aussies. None, for example, had approached the matches as casually as Mrs. White, who had a baby just four months before the final.



IN WARM-UP BRITAIN'S JANET MORGAN MAKES SHOT THAT FILLS AMERICA'S PEGGY HOWE WHITE WITH INCREDULOUS DISMAY



POWER AND POETRY are both in evidence as Peggy Howe White belts a backhand and Jane Austin Stauffer, No. 2 U.S. player, moves forward in an effort to retrieve it.



SPECTACLE

Olympic Gallery

The U.S. has a lively crop of home-grown young skiers who are schussing hard with 1956 in view

by WILLIAM JOHNSON



BUDDY WERNER PRACTICES HIGH-SPEED SLALOM TURN

DURING the next 10 days the most promising crop of American skiers in history will slam down the slopes of Franconia and North Conway, N.H. and Stowe, Vt. They will be competing for national and international skiing titles—but more importantly they will be battling for the 14 berths on the 1956 Olympic alpine team.

How good is the crop?

Pictured on the following pages is a representative gallery, including former Dartmouth Ace Ralph Miller of the U.S. Army, a veteran of world championship competition, and National Junior Slalom Champion Bob Kinmont. Also poised and ready to go are Buddy Werner (see cover), 1952 National Junior Champion and member of the 1954 U.S. world team, and a host of other skilled veterans, including Buddy's slater Skeeter, Bill Beck, Brooks Dodge, Max Marok, Tommy Corcoran and Katy Rodolph.

Competing against this array of old hands are such talented youngsters as Betsy Suits and Marvin Moriarty, Dennis Osborne, Nancy Banks, Bill Woods, Renier Cox, Marvin Melville, Dave Gorsuch, Mel Hoagland, Leona Remy, Jerry Ann Devlin, Ann Roberts and Cathy Carey.

A special center of attraction will be Andrea Mead Lawrence who won two gold medals in the 1952 Olympics. Andy skied just nine times in the 1953-54 season. But she has come back fast this season, winning the Snow Cup Giant Slalom at Alta, Utah (see page 27) and the Women's Eastern Slalom at Big Bromley, Vt.

George Macomber, Eastern Ski Association president and U.S. Olympic adviser, is certain that the Olympic outlook for alpine events is the brightest yet. He believes the national training schools, such as the one held recently at Sun Valley, and the regional training camps, such as have been held in the Northeast for five years, have played a big part in the development. He also gives much credit to booming interest in interscholastic and intercollegiate skiing. The second annual NCAA Skiing Championship meet was held at Norwich University, Northfield, Vt. last weekend. It drew 14 top college teams, and was won by Denver with Dartmouth second, Middlebury third.

One of the brightest stars in the adjoining color gallery is Chiharu (Chick) Igaya, a diminutive and thoroughly engaging Japanese at Dartmouth, who took both the NCAA downhill and slalom titles at Norwich. He will be one of the attractions at the coming Franconia and Stowe meets. He is not a U.S. Olympic prospect: he will compete for Japan, as he did in 1952.

ANDY and husband Dave Lawrence and the slater-brother team of Skeeter and Buddy Werner from Steamboat Springs, Colo. are typical of the best that U.S. skiing has produced. All are children of skiers and all started skiing almost as soon as they could walk and talk.

If the U.S. had to depend on environmental factors producing enough Lawrences and Werners to reach the Olympian heights it never could meet on equal terms such countries as Austria and Norway where skiing is a built-in part of the national landscape and temperament.

But the Lawrences and Werners do not think this is necessary. Given the resounding enthusiasm of the U.S. for skiing, the mobility of the American public and the increasing accessibility of developed ski areas, they feel that only one more thing is necessary to put the U.S. on top: tough international competition.



DENNIS OSBORNE, 20, of Crowley Lake, Calif. has taken second place in National Giant Slalom, third in Silver Belt.



NANCY BANKS of Everett, Wash. is National women's champion in both Downhill and Combined, will defend both titles.

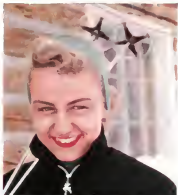


BILL WOODS is one of most promising Olympic youngsters. Only a sophomore in Waterbury, Vt. High School, he won Class B races in New England during season. Rated outstanding Junior racer, he must meet Seniors in Nationals and Olympic tryouts.

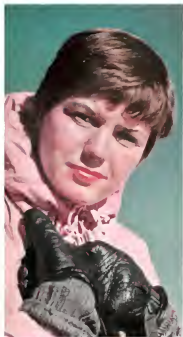
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TOM CONCORAN, 23-year-old Dartmouth graduate, is one of best American skiers. Now a Navy ensign, he has skied since he was five years old, took second in National Combined and Roch Cup last year.



RENIE COX, 16, of Port Leyden, N.Y., finished third in Junior Slalom last year, then placed second against Senior competition in Eastern Combined championships.



SKETEER WERNER, though only 21, is an old pro among skiers. Junior Combined champ in '50, '51, she was Olympic alternate in 1952, and on FIS team last year.



JERRY ANN DEVLIN of Lake Placid, N.Y., a skier for 16 years, made grand slam in 1954 by winning National Women's Giant Slalom, Alpine Cup and Women's Open competition in both Class A and Class B.



DAVE GORSUCH, 16, of Climax, Col. best all comers in 1954 Junior Combined, may become one of U.S. Olympic aces in near future.



MEL HOAGLAND left Iowa State to tour ski circuit after winning 1953 Junior title and 1954 Senior Southern Rocky Mountain Combined.

CHIHARU IGAYA of Dartmouth won National Slalom in 1953, '54, will compete for his native Japan at 1956 Olympics in Cortina, Italy.



continued on next page



BOB KINMONT won Junior Slalom title in 1954 but passed up this year's Juniors to enter Senior races and tryouts for the Olympics.

MARVIN MELVILLE, 20, skips on University of Utah team, won Downhill championship at 1954 American Legion races in Sun Valley.



LEONA REMY, 18, lives in heart of New England ski country at North Conway, N.H. Her biggest victory of all came when she won the Women's Eastern Giant Slalom title last year.



RALPH MILLER, 21, another former Dartmouth ace, started skiing at two, had peak year in 1953 when he won Downhill and Combined titles in both the North American and National meets.



ANDREA MEAD LAWRENCE, 21, is the finest woman skier ever developed in America. An Olympic competitor since 15, Andy won two gold medals in the 1932 Winter Games. Last

month, after a year's inactivity, she won the Snow Cup at Alta, Utah, against top opposition (hers), and is the favorite to sweep honors in the current Olympic squad trials.

END

EYES ON THE BUZZER



ONE AGAINST THREE. WILKINSON DRIVES PAST NORTH CAROLINA STATE'S SHAVLIN, DRYER AND WOLODET TO SHOT OFFSEIDLY LAY-UP SHOT

by **BOOTON HERNDON**

Buzzy Wilkinson, ending his third great year at the University of Virginia, is the best unknown basketball player in America. But the pro scouts know him

WHILE other people watch the headlines, professional basketball scouts keep their eyes, a lot of the time, on the small print in the sports pages, and the write-ups in the local papers that seldom make the Blue Star finals in the big-city editions. It is there, in the last couple of years, that the story of Richard (Buz) Wilkinson has been written. This is one of the reasons why Mr. Wilkinson, currently spending his last season at the University of Virginia, probably is the No.

1 choice of most of the pro teams—perhaps the best but certainly the least-known star in the country.

In his sophomore year Buzzy was 16th in the national scoring average. Last year he was third behind Frank Selvy of Furman and Bob Pettit of LSU. This year he is second. He has a lifetime average of 28.4 per game, the second best ever recorded.

The pros have been content to let the news of Wilkinson's talents remain local. "The less publicity he gets

the better we like it," a top man with one of the teams said. "We know he can make any club in the country. It's only a question of how much we have to pay him."

But news has a way of getting around. The Peoria Cats, champs of the AAU circuit, have Wilkinson at the top of their prospective list. Gene Shue, with the New York Knickerbockers now, but one of the best defensive players in college last year when he played against Buzzy, calls Wilkinson

"the hardest-driving player in basketball. He's got a great inside shot—all his shots are great. He's fast as lightning, and he's a real classy ball-handler and dribbler. When you play him man-to-man, you just can't stop him and that's all there is to it."

The only player you can compare Buzzy with, Shue says, is Frank Selvy of the Milwaukee Hawks, but Gene refuses to do it. He has to play against Selvy this year and may have to face Buzzy next season.

According to Shue, Wilkinson has only one weakness—publicity. He doesn't get it. "He should have made All-American last year. He was third scorer in the country on a bad team that played mostly good ones—what else can a man do? If Buzzy Wilkinson doesn't make All-American this year, it only proves how meaningless the whole thing is."

There has been good reason for the lack of publicity about Wilkinson—namely his attitude toward his fellow players which is somewhat like that of a seasoned mother catbird pushing her young ones from the nest. He thinks it's high time the other players straighten up, fly right and start making baskets themselves. Several games this season he has spent the entire first quarter feeding the ball to his hand-wringing teammates before giving up and resigning himself to stardom. This holds his individual score down but Wilkinson is looking ahead to next year, when he won't be around. He is sincerely willing to sacrifice his individual acclaim if he can only get the Virginia team to stand on its own feet.

Wilkinson knows well the difficulties inherent in such a project. He is making that same attempt off the court in his personal life. He is the son



ONE FOR FOUR, Wilkinson signs autographs as he leaves floor after Duke game.

of Dr. E. M. Wilkinson of Pineville, W.Va., a prosperous parent addicted to spoon-feeding. During a time out at a prep school game, the first basketball game Dr. Wilkinson attended, Buzzy felt a hand on his wrist and looked up to see whose it was. "There was my father," he says today with a shudder, "taking my pulse right out in the middle of the floor."

In this age of basketball goons, Wilkinson is peculiarly ungooey in appearance. He is only 6 feet 2, and he slouches. Like most great athletes, he practices the difficult, not the easy. He picks up tricks from his opponents. Shue, for instance, doesn't try to block one-handed push shots from in front, but steals the ball off the shooter's band from behind instead. Wilkinson worked on it until he got it. He's an offensive star, and that is exactly why he works so hard on defense.

The reason Wilkinson makes so many desperation lucky shots is because he practices desperation lucky shots. When he makes incredible shots from fantastic positions with his left hand it's because he practices incredible shots from fantastic positions with his left hand. Before one big game two years ago a Virginia player asked Buzzy please not to throw him the ball. "I'd just drop it," he explained. When you can't throw the ball to your own teammates you've got to practice incredible shots.

Wilkinson has been playing basketball since he was 5. He used to follow his brother Malcolm, who's four years older, around and sometimes the big boys would let him fill in. He played at Pineville High School, then went to Greenbrier Military School for three years. When Greenbrier played the Virginia freshmen, Evan J. (Bus) Male, the University of Virginia coach, couldn't keep his eyes off Buzzy. Recently, asked how in the world he had the nerve to ask a player of such potential to come to Virginia, Bus shrugged and said, "Well, when you've got so little it doesn't pay to go after anyone but the best."

In the face of far better bids, Virginia got Wilkinson for the price of his out-of-state tuition—\$257 a semester.

"Right up to the time I packed my bags I still didn't know whether I was going to Virginia or Kentucky," Buzzy says. "I'd spent a whole week at Kentucky, fooling around in the gym every day, but in that whole week nobody ever showed me the campus. That's all they showed me at Virginia. My home's just about halfway between

continued on next page



FATHER AND SON walk through historic columns of university rotunda designed by Thomas Jefferson. Dr. E. M. Wilkinson favored Buzzy's choice of Virginia over others.

BUZZY *continued from page 29*

Virginia and Kentucky but Dad kept talking about the folly of going 'out west.' He made it sound like the Indians were waiting for me."

Virginia Athletic Director Gus Tebell gets the credit for that selling job. He talked to Buzzy and figured he'd go where his father wanted him to. Then Gus went to work on the doctor. Tebell, in fact, gets credit from Male for the emergence of basketball at Virginia. The quiet, sensitive little coach points out that Tebell had been patiently watering the plant for years. A Wisconsin three-sport star, Tebell was head coach of football and basketball at North Carolina State when Virginia offered him a unique incentive plan: he could be assistant football coach and head coach of basketball, for less money. Gus jumped at the chance.

"I knew what I was doing," he says. "I've been in one place now 24 years. How many coaches can say that?"

Burly Bus Male was typical of Virginia's athletes during the miserable

'30s. His sophomore year Male played eight consecutive football games, 60 minutes each, as tailback in the single wing. He weighed 145 pounds. Somewhat mellowed by his experience and with a master's degree in education, Male went into coaching. He is doing a fine job on a miniscule budget. With just a little more height, just a little more depth—he didn't have enough men to scrimmage in November—he would give even the big-budget schools a contest.

As basketball coach Male faced a situation which was, to say the least, discouraging. An incident shortly after he took over sums it up. He stopped by the university gymnasium the day after a boxing match to see workmen dismantling the bleachers. "Hey," he said to the foreman. "Leave 'em up. I got a basketball game tonight."

"Who's coming?" said the foreman.

It was a good question. For years at the University of Virginia when anybody came to a game he simply looked around for a chair, took it to the edge of the court, sat down and watched.

It was a fine place to be alone. At this tradition-soaked institution, where students wear coats and ties to class, basketball was long considered a kind of gauche pastime designed for the peasants in the hinterland.

Buzzy Wilkinson has changed all that. This year Virginia played to packed houses both at home and on the road. After carrying a squad of thumb-fingered midgets through two seasons of basketball Wilkinson has finally jammed the game down the blasé throats of the sophisticates. When he has played his last game this season, the University of Virginia will retire his No. 14 uniform permanently.

Male doesn't take much credit for Buzzy. He hasn't been able to spend the amount of time with him that he'd have liked, because other players needed him more. In a way he has done him a disservice. On several occasions last year, particularly against old Virginia schools like VMI, VPI and Washington and Lee, Male pulled Wilkinson out of the game in the second half. Point-hogs complained; they wanted Buzzy to run up a fantastic average and put Virginia on the map.

"He's the only coach I know who'd deliberately keep the score down," one rival coach said. "Including me."

Male likes and respects Wilkinson. The thought that he may have cost Buzzy a notch in national rankings perturbs him. "But isn't there more to coaching than winning?" he asks in his soft sad voice. "Am I wrong? Am I?"

Despite Buzzy, Virginia is still way out of its class in basketball, and the new-found revenue hasn't filtered down to Male. Everett Case of North Carolina State was presented with a new Cadillac by grateful alumni, and an assistant an Oldsmobile. Male has no assistant. He drives a Cadillac. It's 14 years old, has 385,000 miles on it and was given to him by his mother-in-law.

The Virginia material dictates the style of play Male teaches. He can't operate with a set-play offense, because 1) some of the boys on the team simply aren't good enough and 2) Wilkinson is just too good.

Thus, when Virginia first gets the ball, the boys go into a kind of mountaineer moonshiner attack. ("Run like hell, Paw, here come the revenuers.") If that fails, the players fall into a loose pattern and do whatever seems to be a good idea at the time. Male attempts to keep the number of men in on the attack down to two or three, on one or the other side of the basket. Wilkinson has more chance to make those lucky shots that way.

Buzzy intends to generate his own luck by hard work right on through life. One of these days rival attorneys will shake their heads at the lucky ways his clients get their names in the papers. The fact is that Wilkinson is taking a three-hour course in journalism for that very purpose. He is the only pre-law student in the class. Buzzy got his taste for law when he prosecuted a fellow student before the honor court at Greenbrier. The boy was expelled and Wilkinson felt terrible. From then on he took the defense. One of his clients had been caught in the very act of cheating on an examination. Buzzy got him off with a light sentence. He was the Clarence Darrow of Greenbrier.

Though popular and personable, Wilkinson is not a Big Man On Campus. He doesn't live in his fraternity house (Pi Kappa Alpha), but has a room in a quiet home a mile away. He frequently eats alone, goes to the movies alone. He loses weight during the basketball season. He's tense and tight and he simply can't pace himself. He's got to give it all. By March he is under 160 pounds, with prominent cheek bones and sunken eyes.

Wilkinson is still undecided about playing professional, or AAU basketball. He has coolly worked out the percentages. If he's offered \$8,000 a year or more, he'll play. If not, he won't.

But one event could upset those cold calculations. If Virginia asks him to stay on and coach the freshmen while he's getting his law degree he probably will turn down any big-money offer.

"It doesn't make any difference whether I'm on the court or not," he said recently. "I just want Virginia to play winning basketball!" **END**



BUZZ AND SPONSOR. Athletic Director Gus Tubell, shake hands after victory.

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3-14

TIPS ON HOW TO STAY IN GOOD SHAPE

KEEP IN THE PINK

R SORE MUSCLES

THIS WEEK SI introduces a new, occasional feature, **KEEP IN THE PINK**, a health column devoted to the common run of aches and ailments that harry most men and women, old and young, at play.

All of us, particularly about this time of year when spring and summer are just ahead, turn to the outdoors with great expectations. Although these excursions are exhilarating, they usually produce the first pangs of activity. Hands that comfortably played six sets of tennis last summer now become tender after the first set. Skin that was once tanned and immune to the sun blisters in a few hours. And last year's muscles, for no apparent reason, suddenly seem weak and flabby.

KEEP IN THE PINK will specialize in such problems. They seldom warrant a trip to the doctor, but they are undeniably irksome. Emphasizing the medical maxim that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, the column will stress precautions. Yet, realizing that even the best of intentions sometimes falter, we will also suggest some remedies—just in case you get in trouble.

This week we scout the most common malaise of all—sore muscles. In coming weeks we will cover ways to outsmart blisters by toughening your hands and feet; the value, both physiological and psychological, of a pregame warm-up; how to strengthen weak ankles and ways to cope with a "trick knee." There will also be columns on commonplace back strain, Charley horse, muscle cramps and bursitis, as well as the specialized problems that affect the professional athlete, including pitcher's arm, glass jaw, baseball finger and athlete's heart.

There is, of course, no one panacea for every reader any more than there is one way to bowl, play golf or soothe a headache. By the same token, many of our readers may already have their own home remedies. To these, the advice in these columns may prove a welcome addition and an aid to understanding. For others, these recommendations based on the experience of team physicians, medical specialists, laboratory researchers, trainers, athletes' doctors and athletes themselves, will help to make their favorite sport that much more enjoyable.

THERE seem to be only two ways to avoid sore muscles.

Either never exert yourself or keep every one of the more than 400 skeletal muscles in your body in top condition 365 days in the year. The first prospect is dismal; the second, virtually impossible. So it is just as well to understand what happens and what to do about muscle soreness.

Not so many years ago physiologists vaguely ascribed muscular soreness to slight damage, or simply left it unexplained. Like many commonplace ailments of no great gravity, sore muscles were a long time getting themselves investigated, and even now the entire process of what happens is not clear. But one thing is certain. Soreness from unaccustomed use is an entirely different thing from injury to muscle or tendon and has nothing at all to do with stretching, tearing, knotting, straining or battering a muscle. What makes your out-of-condition muscles feel sore is an upset in their chemistry. What makes them stop hurting is the ability of your body to rise to the occasion and cope with the chemical problem. It usually takes a little determination.

When your muscles go into action, they break down a chemical, impressively named *adenosine triphosphate* (ATP), to get their energy. The by-products of this wizardry in turn break into other chemicals, in a sort of chain reaction, with lactic acid as the end result. Lactic acid is both a villain and a hero; it recharges the chemical process but it can also stop it. When all is working well, about a fifth of the lactic acid is burned up, providing energy to start the reversion of the remaining acid back to ATP—and more muscle energy. But when your muscles are called upon for prolonged, unaccustomed effort—36 holes of golf or spading the yard in one afternoon—all does not go well. More lactic acid is produced, and it accumulates faster than it can be used or removed. Eventually the acid "poisons" the muscle, leaving you with that pooped-out feeling. And though you sit down and rest, it takes quite a while for the accumulation of acid to be cleaned out. This is often why real soreness doesn't show up until the next day.

The classic remedy, and still the best one, is to put the sore muscle back to work. This should be done gently. The first few minutes may be tortuous but the soreness gradually lets up. Moreover, with each workout the pain decreases. This is the reason athletes spend weeks getting into shape before the season begins. Their muscles and blood stream gradually adjust and are able to handle the lactic acid output, and it is likely that their muscles, working more efficiently, actually produce less acid. Other measures greatly favored by sufferers include soaking in a hot tub and being rubbed down. Many a weekend sportsman fears that because he is out of condition, the slightest exertion may somehow "strain" a muscle. Muscles of trained athletes sometimes do develop enough force to stretch beyond their limit. But have no fear. The cheerful fact is you will scarcely be capable of this feat if you're out of condition. **(END)**

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THE WARIEST BIRD IN THE FOREST

A turkey gobbler posturing before his harem is a vain beauty, foolish yet cautious as he drives a hunter frantic

by JOHN CURTIS BUSH
with EMMETT GOWEN

THE SEDENTARY sport of hunting turkeys in the spring is like no other, for it is unnerving and exhausting though little physical effort is involved. The game is to talk like a hen turkey to a gobbler in a forest at dawn so he will come to the gun, strutting and unsuspecting. This sounds simple to people who have never tried it, and perhaps it would be if a wild gobbler were a simple bird.

In the woods a wild gobbler is a thing of unparalleled beauty. Its blue head with white wattles is streaked with red. When the head is down it will appear to be white; when up it will look blue and the wattles will show red. When the bird struts, its head is crimson. The flank feathers show all the iridescent coloration of a peacock. The tail band is a deep reddish brown.

The wild turkey is also the most exasperating bird in creation. It is at once watchful yet stupidly vain, in a hurry for a conquest yet with all the time in the world to pause and stare and listen. I have had the pleasure of observing dozens of gobblers in a lifetime and, trying though they are, they fascinate me, so that when opening day comes in southern Alabama on March 20 I am under a spell in which I do not really want to kill a wild turkey right away.

Besides, you can't count on killing a turkey just when you want to anyway. A member of a hunting club to which I have belonged went seven years without getting a gobbler in the spring. He learned the stealth of an Indian and the stillness of a stump. He learned to call convincingly, progressing through the various devices with which a skilled operator can imitate the small talk of a hen turkey in want of comfort. He advanced through the box caller, the

slate and corncob-handled stylus, the wingbone amplified by a trumpet of telescoped pieces of cane, to finally the present-day rubber calling diaphragm used in the roof of the mouth.

Why, with the ardors and disciplines of seven years of spring turkey hunting my friend was never able to kill a gobbler I cannot say. Perhaps, as we accused him in camp, he failed by fidgeting, though he denied this. A recent spring hunt of my own illustrates the need for absolute immobility when a gobbler is near.

I had spent a morning near a gobbler's roost, watching him come almost within range and then disappear—while coming toward me—behind a log. There was a long silence, and when next he gobbled it was 400 yards away, going away for good. When I went to investigate I found a slough I had not known about behind the log. The turkey had walked down it, and away.

The second morning before dawn he gobbled from the same roost. I crept into a little cave of briars where there was a log at my back. He gobbled several times in answer to owls, an amusing habit of turkeys. I waited, until I was sure hens were on the ground. I was close enough to hear them fly down from their roosting places out over the pond. Directly between me and the gobbler a hen yelped a little, the gobbler answering, "Ah," I thought, "this will help me; this will insure that he flies down in my direction."

I heard a hen behind me, which complicated matters. Besides a feeling of being watched, it also gave me a fear that the gobbler might make a longer descending flight than I had anticipated, go behind me and come up from behind. The hens yelped their complaisance; I yelped, and the gobbler generously answered us all. As day broke, I heard turkey footsteps in the leaves all around. The number of hens increased the likelihood

of my being seen, thus paralyzing me.

The tension in this phase of turkey hunting is hard to appreciate unless one has experienced it. The hunter must remain agonizingly motionless. Turkeys in the normal routine of their lives have all the time in the world. A gobbler may just stand, still as a stump, for 10 minutes, until you believe that your eyes have deceived you and what you thought was a turkey is a stump. Meanwhile a tick may be crawling up your leg, and the mosquitoes hungry enough to ignore heavy dosages of repellent will be feasting on your face and hands. But if you make the slightest movement to scratch, your hunting will be over for the day.

A GOBBLER APPROACHES

I heard him drum, to my left. When you can hear this low but impressive sound, *seroom, seroom*, the turkey is just about in gun range. With my gun pointed out the opening in the briars before me, there was nothing I could do but wait. The movement of retracting the gun and poking it out through the briars in his direction would scare a hen which would spread the alarm.

He gobbled behind me, closer. As imperceptibly as possible, I turned around. This maneuver took about 10 minutes. By then the gobbler had gone, and I found myself looking a ben right in the eye.

"*Pull!*" she said, her blue head upraised in alarm. "*Pull!*"

I had the gun half raised to shooting position. I didn't dare lower it. I was so tired I couldn't hold it up. The hen was determined to watch whatever she had seen of me until satisfied it was harmless. I was determined in anguished strain to wait until she was satisfied.

Finally the hen decided I wasn't there and lowered her head to feed. A sound in the leaves out in front of my

continued on next page

A STRUTTING GOBBLER steps from concealment into the sun, lured by man-made turkey talk of a shade-hidden hunter.

TURKEY HUNT *continued from page 37*

blind caused me to suspect that the gobbler was there, with me in the fix, achieved by ordeal, of having my back to him. I ventured to look by shrinking down, bowing my head, and peering upside down under my arm. There he was, with a hen. I was helpless.

It is at such a point that the real turkey hunters are separated from those who go season after season without killing a gobbler. Inexperience thinks, "Why not just whirl around and shoot him before he can get away?" Any man who has tried this at times during a lifetime of turkey hunting knows it does not work. Such a shot might require only an instant, but in less than an instant there would be a tree or trees between the gun and a vanishing gobbler. Besides, his thick feathering requires a neat head shot, and the head of a running gobbler wouldn't be erected.

A HEN PREVENTS A SHOT

The hen smoothed her feathers and walked away. Another hen came up. The old turkey gobbled and strutted. In time the maneuvers of turkey domestic life placed the gobbler and his hen a little to the right, in a position so that between us there was a density of my briar blind and some underbrush, enabling me to change position unseen. I got my gun retracted from the briars and half turned around, and then the gun slowly poked out again.

This time when the gobbler was in view the hen with him was in such a position that if I fired I would kill her too, which would be illegal. By the time the hen was out of the way, the gobbler had moved. And by the time I was ready for his new position, he had moved again. However he was still strutting, and so, during his period of preoccupation, I would move my gun toward him. He would stop strutting, throw his head up and say "Pat!" scaring the life out of me. That went on and on, accomplishing nothing.

Time, it seemed, had begun to run out. Most of the hens had left, feeding away. When all were gone the gobbler would go lagging along behind, diffidently feeding, pausing to strut. At a time when he was out of my sight in the underbrush I did hear him at an increased distance. That was when I nearly conceded defeat. I ventured a little yelp, however, and he answered. In this situation you freeze still as a jar of clabber, not knowing whether the gobbler will come to you.

In time a hen came up from my left,

the gobbler from my right. I first saw him passing at an angle from my then position toward the hen, which I could hear but not see. He would pass before the opening of the blind, and there would be an instant when a tree would be between us. I was ready. Just as he went behind the tree I shifted my gun, more than half expecting the hen to see me or him to hear me and, as wild gobblers have done, disappear behind a tree never to emerge in my sight.

But this time he did not run off. He stuck his head out, upraised, listening and looking, and uttered an alarmed "pat!" As he saw me I fired. He began flopping in violent death throes.

I flopped right where I was, in exhaustion. I couldn't even get up and go out to pick him up for a while. I looked at my watch. It was 5 after 7. I had crawled under the briars at 5, just before gray daylight. For two hours and five minutes that gobbler had been in close gun range, so far as distance was concerned.

When he heard the shot the camp watchman, who had helped me paddle out through the swamp, came to me and said, "Why did you wait so long?"

Of course, it isn't always that difficult. In fact, sometimes a comparative neophyte will go out and knock off a turkey with almost ridiculous ease. Take the time my friend Dr. Lucius Goock killed a gobbler by doing everything wrong. He was no turkey hunter, although for many years he had aspired to become one. I had been trying without success to call one up for him. Then one morning he decided he would go by himself. I tried to dissuade him, feeling sure he needed more coaching. But the doctor came back

with a nice gobbler, the first of his life.

"I got out of the boat by a ridge that came out across the swamp, not over 100 yards wide and maybe half a mile long," he said afterward.

"Don't tell me!" I cried, as his turkey-hunting mentor. "You should never have got out of the boat until you had your turkey located. You could pole along there before daylight a lot quieter than you can walk through the brush."

"Well, I had stopped the boat," he explained, "and it seemed a good idea to get out. I walked up a way and there was a turkey gobbling almost right over my head. I had to hack up from him to hide, and then I sat down and yelped."

"That was an even worse mistake, yelping before the hens came down from the roost. Any turkey with any sense would know that was a hunter and not a hen. Why'd you yelp?"

"Well, I did. And he flew down, within 30 yards of me. I took dead aim and cut him down with my rifle."

"Rifle? That was the worst mistake of all, shooting at him with a rifle. That was shotgun range! Why didn't you use the shotgun part of your three-barrel gun?"

"Well, I used the rifle. I shot him in the head with it."

"Oh, Lord! Nobody is a good enough rifle shot to hope to kill a wild turkey by a head shot with a rifle. You aim for the head with a shotgun, but for the body with the rifle. You did everything wrong, every move!"

"But," said Dr. Goock, "I did one thing right."

"What," I asked, "was that?"

"I killed the gobbler." **(END)**



AUTHOR BUSH GOES TO PICK UP A TURKEY GOBBLER HE SHOT IN AN ALABAMA SWAMP

YOU SHOULD KNOW: if you want to take up fly tying

You can do it

SEVENTEEN HUNDRED years ago a Macedonian shepherd noticed fish jumping out of the water to seize a reddish-colored fly that hovered over the water; he wrapped some crimson wool around a hook, added two neck feathers from a red rooster and caught a brown trout from the Astraeus River. If you have the gumption of a Macedonian shepherd and enough dexterity to tie your shoelaces, you too can make fish flies.

* * *

Why flies?

Most fishermen admit that fly-fishing requires more skill and knowledge than spinning, bait casting, trolling, still-fishing or other methods; they hold that the satisfactions are proportionately greater. Many trout fishermen fish with flies because they get pleasure from the study of natural aquatic insects, the subtleties of color and shape of the artificial flies and from looking through a well-stocked fly box in which certain patterns and a few well-chewed lures evoke pleasant nostalgias. ("Not like looking through a can of worms or a minnow bucket," says one fly man.) And of course there are many days on trout stream or bass pond when the fly caster will outscore the bait or spinning man 10 to one. (Fly-fishers also point out that fly-hooked fish can usually be released uninjured, and many trout fishermen return all undamaged fish to the water.)

* * *

Imitation

Flies consist of various combinations of fur, wool, hair, feathers, silk and tinsel fastened to a hook with thread. Dry flies are constructed to trap air between hackle fibers and thus float; wet flies are constructed to sink; both types are generally tied to represent, in size and color, the natural insects that fish feed on and—in the case of streamer flies and bucktails—the small forage fishes on which larger fish prey. Tying is easier than it sounds, but it takes long practice to achieve speed and quality; you'll be pleased with your first efforts but later you'll strip the hooks and retie them to your new higher standards.

* * *

Long time no sea

Until fairly recently, flies were considered as strictly fresh-water lures—for trout, salmon and bass—but now many anglers fish with fly rods and flies tied to represent bait fish for small tarpon, bonefish, sea trout, striped bass, snook and many other game species.

* * *

Profit and loss

Good store-bought trout flies cost four to eight dollars a dozen; the trickier salmon patterns may fetch up to five dollars apiece. But before you start saving money you must make a capital investment in basic materials: fly-tying vise (50¢ to \$10), hackle pliers (20¢ to \$1.50), fly-tying scissors (\$1 to \$2.50), dubbing needle (20¢, or make it yourself by sticking a large needle in a bottle cork for a handle), an assortment of furs for making fly bodies (\$1 will buy a basic selection of small pieces), gamecock neck feathers (hackles) in basic colors (grizzly or white-with-black bars, red-brown, ginger, and "blue" dun, natural or dyed), an assortment of light wire hooks (for dry flies) and regular hooks (for wet flies) in sizes 10, 12 and 14, with a few as tiny as 18 or 20 and a few as large as 6 and 4 (\$1 to \$5 a hundred, depending on quality, fineness of wire and where you buy them), an assortment of barred wood duck, mallard or dyed mandarin duck feathers and other wing materials (wood duck is expensive and scarce, but \$1 will keep you in barred mallard for several years). In addition you'll need some black silk thread, sizes 3/0 and 5/0, an assortment of silk floss for bodies, some gold and silver tinsel, a peacock's eyed tail feather and other low-cost items. If you're serious, buy a good vise (in the \$5-to-\$10 class); an additional ten-spot should put you in business with materials for many hundreds of flies.

* * *

Feathers...

Few professional tiers can get enough top-quality hackle in the rarer sizes and colors to meet their needs. Some pros, like Harry Darbee at Roscoe,

YOU SHOULD KNOW continued

New York, raise their own roosters in order to get good feathers in scarce colors. (Some amateurs raise birds, too; but gamecocks, which provide the best hackle, are so quarrelsome they must be separately penned and are very disease-susceptible.) But the amateur tier is usually able to accumulate enough top-grade materials to meet his own limited needs. He must be prepared to pay fancy prices for exceptional quality or color in hackle—up to \$20 for a natural blue-dun or rusty-dun neck of top quality, and \$2 to \$5 for good gamecock necks in the commoner colors. Don't buy loose hackles; instead get whole (or split) neck skins with hackle feathers attached and naturally arranged in graduated size and matched sets. The ability to judge hackle quality comes with experience; look for stiff, glossy fibers, with a minimum of soft "web" between them, on a not-too-thick central spine; stiffness can sometimes be gauged by touching fiber points to lips, but this test is one that many fine necks would flunk.

• • •

... and feather merchants

Buy materials from mail-order dealers specializing in fly-tying equipment (unless there's such a specialist in your community). Your local tackle dealer can recommend a good firm, or perhaps he can assemble materials for you. Best plan is to decide on three or four basic flies you'll need for your favorite waters, then order only materials needed for those patterns; as you add patterns to your repertory you can buy necessary additional materials (golden pheasant "tipet" feathers for royal coachman tails, for example).

• • •

Theory ...

By all means, get a good reference manual or book on fly tying. Among the best are J. Edson Leonard's *Flies* (Barnes, \$5), H. G. Tapply's *Fly Tying's Handbook* (Crown, \$1.50), Ray Bergman's *Trout* (Knopf, \$7.50), Charles Wetzel's *Practical Fly Fishing* (Christopher, \$5), E. C. Gregg's *How To Tie Flies* (Barnes, \$1.75) and Herter's *Fly Tying Manual* (Herter's, \$1.95). There are many such books and manuals, and you may collect an interesting and useful library on the subject.

• • •

... and practice

After you've got a good book, *don't try to learn fly tying from it*. Find a good professional or amateur tier in your neighborhood and arrange to take lessons; one hour of tying under instruction or watching a pro at work is worth 10 books to the beginner. Two one-hour lessons from a tier who knows his (or her) business should be all you need. Some old-time pros will teach you to tie "in the hand" (without a vise) if you wish; this enables you to tie flies at the streamside and will impress fishermen but not fish.

• • •

How many patterns?

When you start tying, stick to proved patterns; later you can make your own variations or invent new patterns. Study actual mayflies, stone flies and nymphs on and under the water; then try to tie flies that match them for size, shape and color. Don't let thousands of different fly patterns confuse you. All will catch fish on occasion, and hundreds are "old reliables"—but we've known veteran trout men who used five, three and even one pattern exclusively, in different sizes, and caught more than their quota of fish.

• • •

Last step

After you've learned to tie, teach your wife and children; this will keep you in flies and them out of mischief.

by The Know-it-all

TIP FROM THE TOP



Especially useful for golfers with medium and low handicaps

from JIM BROWNING, pro at Weston Golf Club, Weston, Mass.

Most golfers' minds are cluttered with thoughts of cocking the wrists correctly at the top of the backswing. This is a needless worry. They shouldn't think about cocking the wrists, because if they drop their wrists down correctly on the downswing, they will increase with a natural motion what wrist-cock they have. This action, moreover, will build up a delayed hit which gives real power.

I try to get my pupils to do this by getting them to think that, as they start down from the top of the swing, they are pulling down on a high rope. That concept usually helps them to bring their hands down to the correct position, low and with the wrists cocked even more than they were at the top of the backswing.

Watch the great swingers like Gene Littler. He has a pronounced late hit to his swing due to dropping his wrists. He doesn't swing his arms down. He drops them. He gets the additional cock and then hits the ball with the delayed hand action that produces distance and accuracy.

To summarize, dropping the wrists increases the arc of the swing, stores the power for its best release, and makes for longer and more consistent hitting. It is the modern pro's secret weapon.



Two views of Jim Browning dropping his wrists into hitting position as he starts club down from the top of the backswing

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THE TEWKSBURY FOOT BASSETS

A hound pack with a fancy name welcomes everyone to its weekly hunts. As the next four pages of pictures show, the hunt soon spreads out, the bassets waiting for no one and each follower enjoying the sport at his own pace

by COLES PHINIZY

ON SUNDAYS, autumn to spring, quiet lies over the winter-brown farm hills of Hunterdon County in north Jersey. In the stillness the cacophony of the crows over Pottersville can almost be heard in Oldwick. Then, at 2:30 at one or another of the back-country crossroads, the air fills with the yawping of basset hounds as they come tumbling from the back of a trailer. It is the meeting hour for the Tewksbury Foot Bassets—time for hounds and men and women to gather to chase the hare on foot, the hounds scatter-legged with eagerness and the men and women burdened with the ballast weight of Sunday dinner.

This Sunday they met near Oldwick, beside the 19th Century iron fence around Dr. Farley's grave. The unbroken gray sky threatened to unload and drench them all, hound and man. The ground was cold, wet from the night's rain—indeed a bleak day but a fine one: the scent would hold well on the cool, moist ground.

The hounds (never, never call them "dogs") are always prompt at the place of meeting, flopping over the muddy ground on their short legs, long ears aloft, body and tail wagging in excitement. This Sunday promises to be such a good hunting day that the two green-coated masters, Morristown Architect James Jones and New York Attorney Haliburton Fales, are kept busy containing the pack. Impatiently the nine and a half couples (it is a *packerie* to denote pack strength by any other count than couples) gambol around Huntsman Jones, splattering mud on his cream-white shorts and bare knees. One hound and then another straggles away momentarily, anxious to move off. Master Fales chants endlessly, urging them to stay back with Jones: "Sal, up to him. Up to him. Oh, so good, Sal. Errant, boy, go to him. Hup together. Defano, to him. Go to him, Delano. DELANO!" The whippers-in, wearing green coats like the masters, stand on either side of the pack, joining Fales's chant and cracking their whip thongs over the hound heads.

At 2:30 only eight followers (basset men dislike being



BASSET HOUNDS, a cross of old French bloodhound and St. Hubert hound originally bred for hunting in heavy cover, are considered one of best of hound group at working a scent.

called "hunters," since they do not carry guns) are on hand, but then, the "field" is seldom on time. (Always refer to all persons on the hunt, other than masters and whips, as "the field.") By 2:45 there are 32 men, ladies, girls and boys milling about, in sneakers and blue jeans, or walking shoes and flannels, tweed coats, windbreakers or lumpy sweaters—anything loose and casual, tattered or trim.

Huntsman Jones puts brass horn to lips; a soft tootling announces that the hounds are moving off. For a few out for the first time, the start may be a disappointment. At a walk

Huntsman Jones leads the pack onto the macadam road toward a likely field to "draw" for a hare. The field straggles behind like the Pied Piper children of Hamelin town. There is no sudden rushing to it, no pell-mell of scrambling hounds and bounding people. Basseting is not like that. It is similar to the better-known hunt form, beagling—a slow, steady pace downroad, across country, over fence and creek, uphill and down, the whips spread out on each side and the hounds spread out across the fields, searching for the scent. When a hare is "put up," it goes more briskly and most often over harder terrain, mile after mile. Basseting and beagling differ essentially in the type of hound in the pack, basset or beagle. (For all the similarity, however, never say "beagling" when you mean "basseting" or your hunt reputation may be mired for a whole season.)

This Tewksbury pack now living up Sundays in north Jersey is maintained on a voluntary contribution basis, open to anyone who cares to join the hunt—the field has numbered as high as 100 and averages about 42 persons each week. "We are one of the three basset packs recognized by the National Beagle Club," says Master Fales. "Why they bother to recognize bassetia, I don't know, but it is

text continued on page 57

MOVING OFF, the green-coated masters of the pack, Haliburton Fales (left) and James Jones, lead the bassets to a promising field to "draw for" (pick up the scent of) a hare.



continued on next page





A TROUBLESOME FENCE occasionally causes a jam-up of short-legged bassets, who can only clear a height of about two and a half feet. The master sometimes must give a hound a lift over the fence, but usually the bassets are able to find a hole to wriggle through.

TRAILING A HARE, the bassets (left) move briskly across an open pasture. When Master Jones, trotting with them, sees the park pick up a scent, he "doubles" (below) a rhythmic two-beat on his horn to advise the straggling field that they are "going away" after a hare.

continued on next page



TRAILING HUNTERS (above) chase across a New Jersey farm after the bassets. When the pack presses hard after a hare, many hunters are winded and out of it unless the hare doubles back.

WELL-KEPT BASSET PACK (below), which at working strength numbers 20 dogs and bitches, is supported by voluntary contributions from anyone who takes part in the weekly hunts.



TEWKSBURY BASSETS

continued from page 48

nice that they do." The Tewksbury pack is basset for a particular reason: because of the basset's shorter legs and tractable nature, riot in the pack is easier to quell than in a beagle pack. Deer are abundant in Hunterdon County, herds of a dozen head a common sight, the fallow fields crisscrossed with hoof-marks, the scent often fresh and enticing. There is a constant temptation for the bassets to break from the hare scent and riot after the deer. The whippers-in shout "Ware haunch. Ware haunch." (Lay translation: "Forget the venison haunch; get back to the hare.") But the pack might still riot, some going after the deer and some loyal to the hare scent.

TALLYHO FOR HARES ONLY

This Sunday the pack goes a quarter-mile downroad, then huntsman and whips and hounds turn into an expanse of corn stubble. John Ike, the long-striding field master, marshals the followers. This is the method: while the hounds work over the most promising area with their noses, the field spreads out behind, possibly putting up a hare for the hounds to chase. (On putting up a hare, the proper cry is "tallyho!" in the finest ringing voice. Whatever you cry in excitement, for the love of John Peel don't shout, "I flushed a rabbit." The quarry is never flushed, it is "put up," and it is not a rabbit. It is a hare, a European migrant to north Jersey, which nests atop the ground and affords a good hunt, sometimes running for hours until caught or lost. In the thickets or hedgerows adjoining the fields lives the cottontail rabbit, disdained as poor sport because he pops back into his burrow and spoils the hunt. The "put up" is a critical moment for the timid novice. He who cannot tell rabbit from hare as it flashes past had best suppress the urge to "tallyho.")

Even before the hare has been put up, bassetting distinguishes itself from mounted hunting. In mounted hunts there is more obligation for the field to make a show of it, to try to keep up with the pack, often at the cost of a grievous rump or broken bone. Members of the basset field can, and do, take the weekly hunt in various ways. "It is like a drive-in movie," admits Jones, who as huntsman is necessarily intent from start to finish, "you can go and do anything you want to."

On this most recent Sunday, even

before the bassets have left the macadam road, two of the field, Dr. Robert Pierce and Mr. Clark Henry, are straggling 200 yards back, discussing the local problem of heifers straying into Hell Mountain woods. Mr. and Mrs. H. N. Slater, in the company of two others, consider the moist sod off the road and decide there is no point pressing the matter since there is a good chance the bounds will be doubling back. Mrs. L. W. Perrin pushes on 200 yards and decides that is far enough, seeing that she has granddaughters Barbara and Vivia in hand and her French poodles Cricket and Lulu on leash. At this moment the cry "tallyho!" goes up. There is John Ike, field master, brandishing his cane. A hare (or possibly a rabbit) flashes past Mrs. Perrin, granddaughters and poodle dogs. The poodles are disinterested, but here come the bassets hobbling, bumping across the plough furrows. The hare slips under a wire fence, then through a rail fence. The wire fence gives the basset pack some trouble, but a moment later along the rail fence bassets are pouring through every interstice, mingling full voice with the short, sharp notes of Huntsman Jones "doubling" on his horn. (When the huntsman doubles on his horn, the field knows that a hare has been put up and the serious business begins.)

THE FIELD DROPS BACK

Back across the macadam road the hounds carry the scent, up a fence line, into a copse and out. The field, following seriously, is now strung out a quarter-mile behind. Some who do not care for more hunting by foot, seeing that the hunt roughly parallels a dirt road, catch up by automobile. This maneuver can be a great assist to the hare, since car fumes obliterate the scent. It becomes more intense. Mrs. Louis Hall snags her tweed suit on barbed wire. Thirteen-year-old Annabelle Gibson sits in the road, removes her galoshes, then proceeds lighter afoot. Mrs. Walter Terry, moving with fine stride across an opening of saplings and thick weed, overlooks a wire fence lying flat and goes down as if thrown by a catapult. She recovers and advances 20 yards to clear an aging rail fence, but her weight buckles the top rail and she goes down again.

The bassets have pressed on, more than a mile from where the hare was put up, but in the lee of a trash dump they lose the scent. They are "checked," as the phrase goes. Until

continued on next page



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this moment, around the trash dump, Walter Reider, age 7, and his brother Michael, age 4, with cap pistols, bandannas and Stetsons, were playing a game of U.S. Cavalry and Indians. Now they desist and stand stiff and quiet lest they distract the hounds. "Please be quiet," admonishes Huntsman Jones. "They may pick it up." But it is no use, the hare scent is lost, and lost too is one of the hounds. Master Jones sounds his horn to collect the hounds, but an old bitch named Sal is missing. Sal, being deaf, has strayed after a cottontail. Whipper-in Jim Peale chases half a mile to bring her back.

BASSETS IN THE GROOVE

Without rest the huntsman leads the hounds out again across country. It is now close to 4 o'clock, a chill in the air, and the field has shrunk to six hearties. A half-mile beyond the road there is hollering and horn blowing as three deer jump and the pack riots. By this time the rest of the hunters are heading homeward or seated in rows on fence rails and culverts. A doubling on the horn drifts faintly back at 4 o'clock, but by then the last stragglers are tittering cheerily, enjoying a thermos of hot toddy behind Jim Claggett's station wagon.

Though there is only a field of two remaining with the hounds, whippers-in, and huntsman for the last seven miles, the second hare put up by the pack is magnificent. For two hours he takes the pack on a chase through the woods, across fields, into a bog, out, uphill and down, sweeping in clockwise circles (a right-handed hare, as the bassets say). The hare squats and is put up thrice, the hounds finally losing the scent on a hilltop in the last light of the day.

It has been a splendid hunt, Huntsman Jones confirms at the end. "During the hunt," he says with pride, "we put up two more hares, but the pack stayed on the first one. They were like a jazz band. In the groove all the way." To one who has not hunted, it seems strange; all that running and no hare. But it is not at all strange to the Tewksbury followers who have had the pack out over 40 times this season and have killed only two. "We like to kill hares occasionally to reward the hounds," explain Messrs. Fales and Jones, "but it really doesn't matter. It's the hunt that's important. The advantage, after all, is all with the hare." **END**

SNOW PATROL

A late roundup of snow conditions in America from picked local skiers

NS=new snow; **PO**=powder; **FP**=packed powder; **HB**=hard packed snow; **HB**=hard base; **GR**=granular; **FG**=frozen granular; **CO**=corn snow; **UC**=unbreakable crust; **W**=wet; **IC**=icy condition; **DS**=bare spots; **DC**=dangerous condition; **CL**=trail or slope closed.

NUMERALS REPRESENT INCHES OF SNOW

COMPILED BY BILL WALLACE

The rapidly changing weather has varied conditions in the East. Many Western areas have their highest snow totals of the winter

FAR WEST: MT. BALDY, CALIF.: Spring skiing continues with skit-decive weather and 8-28 snow total.

SQUAW VALLEY, CALIF.: Recent conditions mixed as terrific with 24-48 new PO on 36-66, with both CO and PO surfaces.

NORTHWEST: SNOWGLOBE PASS, WASH.: 10 NS on 122, skiing good to near-perfect. MT. BAKER, WASH.: 60 NS last week brought total to 190, highest of any major area in U.S.

FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR

A digest of last-minute reports from fishermen and other unrelatable sources

KEY TO SYMBOLS

FG=fishing good; **FP**=fishing fair; **FG**=fishing poor; **OG**=outlook good; **OP**=outlook poor.

COMPILED BY ED ZERN

MARLIN: MEXICO: Marathon charter boats took 15 marlin during 47 trips last week, 300-pounder boated at Acapulco last Saturday and OG as many anglers report strikes and following fish.

FLORIDA: Russell Perry of Logan, W.Va. took 1234-pound white marlin last week fishing Gulf Stream out of Haulover Beach; OG for whites all along SE coast.

BARABAS: FG as moderate breezes are providing ideal surface conditions along drop-offs; hottest spot is at upper end of Exuma Sound 35 miles SE of Nassau but good schools are in Tongue of Ocean off Andros Island (40 miles SW of Nassau) and off Bimini and Cat Cay, and OG through March.

STEELHEAD TROUT: WASHINGTON: **FP, OP, ORCON.** Subfreezing temperatures have chilled waters and warm-up night start fish moving; meanwhile **FP, OP.**

BRITISH COLUMBIA: All streams are low as cold weather continues. A few fresh fish are in the Cowichan and Vedder but **OP** generally.

BLACK BASS: FLORIDA: Epidemic of big bass broke out last week. Rex Sullivan of Hartford City, Ind. took two 16½-pounders, one 5½ and one 6 from Lake Carlton (at Tangier) in two days last week, on shiners; 19½

MT. HOOD, ORE.: At Geyt, Camp, 60 NS, 121 total. Conditions are good to excellent here.

ROCKY MTS: ASPEN, COLO.: 2 NS on 30-55, temps. 14-55, trails in good condition.

ALTA, UTAH: 14 light PO on 55 HP base, skiing excellent, especially for deep-powder lovers. Average temps. 30.

BEN VALLEY, IDAHO: 8-16 PO on 20-51 HP, skiing very good.

WHITEPINE, MONT.: Outlook good or better thanks to 12 light PO on 44 HP.

JACKSON, WYO.: 4 dry PO on 30, temps. 5-25. Car chains are advised.

ARAPAHO, COLO.: 6 PO on 44, weather windy and mild. Conditions are varied and all are good.

MIDWEST: ROYME MT., MICH.: 2-5 NS on 8-14 HB with some IC.

KIE MT., WIS.: 1 NS on 6 packed. Trails need 3 NS. Temps. 15-20.

QUEBEC: MONT TREMBLANT: 5-7 PO on 35-65, skiing good or better.

LAC DESAPPEL: Snow total is now 58, highest of the winter. 10-12 PO surface.

NEW YORK: WHITEFACE: 3 PO on 12-15 HB. Skiing fair to good.

NEW ENGLAND: STOWE, VT.: 5 PO on 24-50 base. All trails and slopes rate good.

BIO BROOKLYN, N.Y.: NS on 7-20 HB. Weekend lift lines continue.

MAD RIVER GLEN, WY.: 2-5 PO on 20-40 HP base with 2 W at lower level. Spring skiing continues good to excellent.

MIDDLEBURY, VT.: 8 PO on 50-60, good, more than 1,000 in attendance.

FRANCONIA, N.H.: Cannon Mt. is in near-perfect shape with 3 PO on 7-45 base.

NORTH CONWAY, N.H.: 3-10 PO on 10-20 HB with conditions good.

MT. SUGARHAT, N.H.: Area has enjoyed best skiing of an unpredictable season with 5 NS on 15 base.

pond bigmouth hauled from Lake Jackson at Sebring had 1½-pound bass in its stomach; six bass of over 10 pounds (including one 15-pounder) were caught in Lake Tarpon, west of Clearwater; etc., etc. Lake Washington, west of Melbourne, is good bait in eastern Florida; on west coast Lake Tualap, 70 miles north of Tampa on Rt. 41 is moderately hot; on east coast St. Johns River and Lake George (west shore) should produce top fishing. In NW Florida, St. Marks, Wausau, Ochlocknee and Apalachicola rivers are producing well on top-water plugs, OG and improving throughout state as spring approaches.

NORTH CAROLINA: Largemouths from 1 to 2 pounds are taking live bait in Currituck Sound and freshwater creeks and lakes around Nags Head and Kitty Hawk, and OG as water warms.

NEVADA: **FP** and improving at Lake Mead as Lon Chaney Jr. took 8½-pounder from Overton arm last week and Gary Cooper caught a limit from the Iceberg Canyon region.

MISSOURI: **FP** in Lake of the Ozarks (Ozark and headwaters area) as chalky water (from snow melt), Lake Taneycomo is murky but **FG** and **OG** through next week.

DOLPHIN: BARABAS: Mrs. Joan Lighthouse of Nassau claimed new women's record for tackle class after boating 34-pound 4-ounce dolphin on 20-pound line; OG throughout islands as large schools are migrating through area waters.

FLORIDA: C. D. Stoler of Shalokan, Fla. caught 72-pound 12-ounce bull dolphin on 15-thetaud line last week and data has been sent to IGFA as new world record in line class.

WEAKFISH: FLORIDA: **FG** and **OG** all along west coast. Best spots are grass flats off Yachestown (30 miles north of Tampa), lower Crystal River (40 miles NE of Tampa), Anclote flats off Tarpon Springs, Buncie Pass off St. Pete and at adjacent grasslands and Tampa Bay; fish and fishermen favor live shrimp.

MISSISSIPPI: Spring weather has trout feeding frisky; try live shrimp or plugs along leeward side of Ship Island 13 miles off Biloxi; **OG.**

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by DENIS FODOR

After an embarrassing wait of a year, Canada's bruising, undiplomatic hockey team takes the world crown from Moscow to British Columbia

THE EVENT was billed as the 21st World Amateur Ice Hockey Championships. In fact, these 10 days were a bone-rattling little cold war fought on the arena ice of four major German industrial cities.

One of the main antagonists was a fancy-Dan, springy-legged Soviet team, World Champions going into the tournament. The Soviet players wore jerseys as red as their country's flag, trooped onto the ice in military style and were led by a flat-nosed team captain named Bobrov who read Theodore Dreiser in his spare time.

Against the World Champion Russians stood the team from Canada. It was Canada's best amateur club, winner of the Allan Cup, a team that calls itself Pentleton V's after Pentleton, British Columbia, its home town and the V line of peaches grown there—Valiants, Veterans and Vedettes. The Pentleton V's were out to undo the wrong perpetrated on Canada last year when the mother nation of ice hockey lost the world title to the Soviets. To right that wrong, the Pentleton V's came well equipped.

Player-coach Grant Warwick had played with the New York Rangers for six and a half years, later for the Boston Bruins and Montreal Canadiens. He had been the National Hockey League's rookie-of-the-year in the 1941-42 season. Along with Grant came his brothers Dick and Bill, the latter a stick-scarred veteran with a face stitched together like an elderdown, a former wartime Ranger who went on to eight more seasons as a minor league pro.

In all, there were 17 players, most of whom had at one time earned their living playing hockey. Registering at a Berlin hotel while on a prechampion-

ship warm-up tour, the majority stated their occupation as "hockey player." Canadian newsmen in Germany to cover their boys' progress called them fondly "the gashouse gang from Pentleton."

On the tournament's opening night the V's faced a U.S. team composed of college boys and service men, amateurs in the classical sense of the word. That night, while an official of the Ligue Internationale de Hockey sur Glace made an opening speech, the V's appalled authority-revering German spectators by shooting the puck and continuing to warm up throughout the speech. The team had warmed up well, however, and when the V's had finished their night's work at Dortmund's Westfalenhalle arena the score stood at 12-1. Six of the goals were scored by Bill Warwick. In the U.S. team's dressing room, Coach Al Yorkewicz growled: "We might as well have been playing the National Hockey League All-Stars."

SOME SOCCER ON ICE

The following night the Czechoslovak team slipped into the Pentleton meat grinder, 5-3, while the Russians danced to a tight 2-1 victory over a stubborn, bullish Swedish team. While the Swedes slashed at the Soviet forward line, the Soviets skated elegantly, clicked precision passes and carefully avoided body contact. The Soviet style of play looked like soccer transposed onto ice—pass and run, pass and run.

The Pentleton V's style was different. It called for plenty of body contact. The German press called the style "rough" and tagged Bill Warwick "Der wilde Bill." A West German paper tut-tutted the Canadians tartly: "In Europe we have very decided ideas of fair play. . . ."

The fact of the matter was that Pentleton had brought Canadian hockey to the championships and had foused, to its surprise, that where the Ligue Internationale de Hockey sur Glace held away quite different rules applied. Body checking was only allowed in the defenders' third of the rink and then at least two meters away from the boards. Checking against the boards was taboo. On the other hand, European referees were apt to overlook such offenses as high sticking, interference and kicking with skates. The strange rules conflicted with the V's ingrained hockey craft. The team became edgy. They refused to move into quarters assigned to them, chose instead one of Dusseldorf's poshest hotels. Some of the players didn't like German milk, so they sent to Pentleton for some. It arrived promptly by air.

On the ice, "Der wilde Bill" Warwick impressed German fans about the same way London audiences react to Gorgeous George. Whenever the Pentleton boy appeared on the ice the otherwise gentle crowd erupted in a frenzy of fist shaking and booming boos. But as the Canadian grinder crunched on—Germany 10-1, Finland 12-1, Poland 8-0, Sweden 3-0, Switzerland 11-1—the Canucks learned and so did German spectators. At the Swiss game, which was attended by the Shah and Queen of Iran, Billy Warwick swatted in three goals without ever seeing the inside of the penalty box.

While the V's ground away, the Soviets put on a nightly pass-and-run exhibition. The men in red played little Communist brother Czechoslovakia the night after the Prague boys had been laced by the Canadians. Either because of the lacing or because orders

had come down from above, the Czech team didn't feel like playing. The Soviet forward line of Bobrov, Babitch and Shuvalov passed and passed till they had passed the puck into the nets, 4-0. And the Soviets' passing continued: 5-1 against Germany, Finland 16-2, Poland 8-2, Sweden 2-1, Switzerland 7-2, U.S. 3-0.

The U.S. college boys fought hard all the way against the Soviets. But the U.S., like the Canadians, were playing an un-European brand of hockey and were hog-tied by penalties (15 minutes to the Soviets' two). For this, like the Canadians, they were hooted by the crowd at every turn. One American player trying to turn an attacking Russian away from the goal misaimed a chop with his stick and thwacked Russian Forward Babitch across the glove. With a loud "Aah!" Babitch crumpled and lay writhing. They couldn't have done it better at the Bolshoi Theater in Moscow. The German crowd immediately sided against the unfair Yankee. Across the rink rolled cries of "Americans go home." Holding his arm, Babitch was carried off the ice. Shortly thereafter, the German announcer told the crowd over the public address system that Forward Babitch had only been scratched. The announcer did not explain why a man with a scratch on his arm could not skate off the ice unassisted. As the tournament progressed, German fans grew more friendly toward the American team, however. Word got around that the U.S. and Sweden were the only honest-as-shooting amateur teams in the event.

By the day before the decisive Soviet-Canadian game, the standings of

the other teams had already been decided: third place went to Czechoslovakia, fourth to the U.S., fifth to Sweden. Germany, Poland, Switzerland and Finland followed in that order.

That left the big game to decide the order of the first two places. At game time, an over-capacity crowd of 9,000 filled the Krefeld ice arena—thus at prices that ranged from \$2 to \$8. When the V's skated onto the ice they showed that even old hockey players could be taught new tricks. They lined up and gave the fans a raised-stick salute, just like the Russians. Then Captain George McAvoy swapped a small Canadian flag for a Soviet pennant with Soviet Team Captain Bobrov.

'OFF TO SIBERIA WITH YOU'

With the starting whistle the V's acted more like their old selves again. For one thing they racked up 12 minutes in the penalty box to the Russians' two. The first Canadian score came early in the first period, on a shot by Mike Shabaga. In the 28th minute of the game, Bill Warwick shot from close to the Soviet goal, and his shot caromed off a Russian player's stick and into the nets. Four minutes later Shabaga scored again. In the first minute of the third period Bill Warwick made it 4-0 from close in, and two minutes later George McAvoy sent a long slider into the Russian nets for 5-0. That was all for the Soviets' first-string goalie Potchikov. The Soviet coach pulled him, right then and there. He was followed off the ice by the hooting of Canadian fans: "Off to Siberia with you!"

As the goals came, so rose the tempo of the game. The Canadians checked harder and harder and the Russians seemed to be enjoying the game less and less. At the end the Russians barely made an effort to cross over onto the Canadian ice. When it was all over, the gashouse gang from Penticton received the big silver world trophy and the Russians the smaller European one. Honors had by no means watered down the Pentictons' common touch. They flatly turned down an invitation to a reception at the Canadian embassy in Bonn. "We've already been to one reception," said Manager Clem Bird, "and didn't like it. It's just eating a lot of cheese squares. We got better things to do."

But for Canadian fans who swarmed over the victorious team Player-Coach Grant Warwick had a whooping message: "God bless Canada. We brought the cup back home where it belongs and we'll keep it there."

(END)

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BILL WARWICK, a former New York Ranger pro, led Canadians through eight in row, scored two goals against Russians.

SEBRING STARTERS

An international elite gets set for the only U.S. Grand Prix

by JOHN BENTLEY

THE fourth annual 12-hour Florida Grand Prix of Endurance for sports cars, to be held at Sebring, March 13, has become a major international event. At this writing there are 77 accepted entries, with a further 29 reserve entries whose eager drivers are waiting to fill in gaps left by nonstarters.

All told, 28 different makes of cars are represented. Britain is present with 10: Jaguar, Allard, Austin-Healey, Arnolt-Bristol, Kieft, Triumph, Morgan, MG, Lotus and Doretti; Italy with seven: Ferrari, Maserati, Osca, Bandini, Abarth, Siat and Alfa Romeo; the U.S. with six: Cunningham, Kurtis-Kraft, Nash-Healey, Ford Thunderbird, Excalibur and Crosley; Germany with three: Porsche, Mercedes-Benz and Veritas; France and Austria with one each: Renault and Denzel.

EQUAL CHANCE FOR ALL

Sebring is of particular interest because of the FIA (Fédération Internationale de l'Automobile) system of scoring which gives even the smallest cars pretty much of an equal chance with the biggest and fastest. There are four possible driver targets: an overall win for covering the greatest distance in 12 hours; a class win for the fastest machine in any given engine displacement group; an index of performance win for the car exceeding its minimum set average by the greatest margin; and a production class for best performance by a catalog specification automobile of which at least 25 must have been built and sold. Index of performance obviously favors the small cars which can generally exceed their set minimum average by a wider margin than the big ones. Thus, if you are driving a 66 cu. in. machine and have to average 58 mph, it is easier to up this average by 10 mph than with a 330 cu. in. car which must average 70 mph, all pit stops included.

Drivers sometimes jokingly refer to the "glorious uncertainty" of racing, yet this is a truism that cannot be disregarded for a moment. Anything can happen in a long race such as Sebring. Last year all the hot favorites dropped out and the over-all winners both on distance and index turned out to be

British Ace Stirling Moss and American Bill Lloyd in a diminutive 90 cu. in. Osca. The pair managed a whopping 72.8 mph, surviving mechanical hazards which knocked out 36 of the original 58 starters and defeating a Lancia of more than double the Osca's displacement.

This year, more than ever, the monster of uncertainty is winking its baleful eye. All average speeds have been upped and the galaxy of international driving talent handling ever faster cars makes Sebring anybody's race. Moss (signed on by Mercedes for the Grand Prix season) has been released to co-drive a factory-entered Austin-Healey with Lance Macklin. This pair will be gunning for a limited objective (production class and handicap) where they stand an excellent chance. No less than 13 Ferraris are entered, of which the largest and most powerful (4.9 liters, 347 hp, 12 cylinder) will be driven by 1954 Amateur Champion Jim Kimberly and Ebbie Lunken. A sister car entered by Erwin Goldschmidt has been scratched due to driver injuries, but seven of the new three-liter, four-cylinder Monza type Ferraris will be gunning hard for Kimberly. The Monza is nearly as fast as the 4.9, handles much better and will carry such formidable protagonists as the Marquis de Portago and Umberto Maglioli, winner of the Mexican Carrera Pan Americana. Californian Phil Hill (second in Mexico) and Texan Carroll Shelby will pilot a second Monza Ferrari; Piero Taruffi a



D-TYPE JAGUAR ON TRIAL RUN AT SEBRING

third. One of two smaller Mondial Ferraris will carry Porfirio Ruhiresa and Indianapolis driver Cal Niday. Ferrari has no official entry but is sending over Signor Ugolini, team manager, to watch over Maglioli, Portago and Taruffi.

Also a definite threat are two of the latest three-liter, six-cylinder Maseratis (270 hp, 165 mph, 1,650 lbs.), the one driven by Bill Spear and Sherwood Johnston; the other by Italian Aces Musso and Mantovani. Then there is a lone D-type Jaguar "unofficially" backed by the Coventry factory—a fantastically fast machine with disc brakes and super streamlining, chauffeured by those veterans Phil Walters and Mike Hawthorn. On recent trials at Sebring, the D-Jag, which set a new sports car record of 164.135 mph in the NASCAR Speed Week at Daytona, lapped seconds faster than a 4.9 Ferrari driven by Bill Spear. It could easily win.

CUNNINGHAM'S LATEST

Of special interest in the same stable will be Briggs Cunningham's latest—the C6R, much lightened and powered by a 180 cu. in., 16-valve Meyer-Drake engine. Sebring should reveal something of this newcomer's potentialities at Le Mans in June.

René Dreyfus, the former French Champion, has come out of retirement to head the Arnolt-Bristol team which is competing for production class honors, while among private entries that will bear watching are five of the new 300SL fuel injection Mercedes cars.

One of several Oscas to be driven by such top names as Lloyd and Walt Hansen might do it again; so might the Porsche Spyders of von Hanstein or Koster. Also well in the running is a diminutive 45 cu. in. factory-sponsored Renault with that brilliant Frenchman Robert Manzon likely to be aboard.

This year, too, Class G (750-1100 cc) should provide a tussle between this writer's lone Abarth—a new and probably fast machine—the two Lotus Mark VIII's of Miller and Scott with 72 hp, overhead camshaft engines by Coventry Climax, and Isabelle Haskell's lightweight Bandini-Fiat. (E.B.)



BOWLING

A DAY FOR THE LADIES

Prizes are slim but spirit is fine in the women's doubles

by VICTOR KALMAN

THE Milwaukee Sentinel noted on Jan. 25, 1853 that "a party of ladies assembled at the Young American saloon and amused themselves with the game of tennins to the great amusement of witnesses." This is a fair summary of what occurred here the other day when Detroit housewives Dorothy Aldred, 40, and Helen Shablis, 41, defeated 47 other stellar teams for the U.S. women's doubles championship. Despite their acknowledged contribution toward taking the sport out of saloons, and their drawing power at the gate, the ladies again bowled mainly for amusement, as they have for 100 years.

This time, however, there was a rebellious undertone to the crash of pins and the cheers of the S.R.O. crowd at Edwardina (Eddie) Coy's Whittier Recreation. And the women who complained about the anemic prize fund—there were 12 cash awards and even the \$500 for first place would not have covered expenses of some teams from out of town—found a champion in Mrs. Coy herself. They could not have done better. A short, thickset woman who admits to middle age, she has combined keen business judgment, an effervescent personality and an almost fanatic devotion to bowling to become one of the nation's leading proprietors.

"Like the man who played at the crooked roulette table because it was the only one in town, these girls will continue to bowl in our [BPAA] tournaments even though it costs them a great deal of money," Mrs. Coy said, pointing in the general direction of the 18 gleaming lanes where the women stars were shouting encouragement to each other. "Look at them. Ann Noga and Barbara Craig, all the way from New Jersey. They paid a \$50 entry fee, plane fare to Detroit, hotel and food bills for at least three days. Sure, they're doing it because they love the game, but the publicity they're getting and the show they're putting on here helps every bowling proprietor in the country. And what does the BPAA do for these kids? It adds \$300 to their prize fund, which averages out to about 10¢ for each proprietor." Mrs. Coy

snorted. "What we proprietors should do is chip in at least \$5 apiece and set up a \$15,000 fund for the kids next year," she continued. "We'd get our money back 100 times over just in games they'd roll practicing for the tournament."

To give the proprietors their due, this was only the second women's doubles and it proved more popular than the first. But it cries for someone with Mrs. Coy's dedicated vitality to mold it into a titular event of national importance. As it was, only those lucky enough to have sponsors or husbands with loose purse strings were able to compete. There were no teams, for instance, from such bowling centers as New York and Los Angeles. Anne Johnson, the Hazelton, Pa. schoolteacher who won the Women's International Bowling Congress all-events crown last year, was not on hand, nor were a majority of the stars who qualified for the All-Star classic.

THE "BANKROLL" AND THE HOT-N-TOTS

Mrs. Coy, who was a fair bowler for 14 years before becoming a partner in Whittier Recreation in 1940 (she has been sole owner since 1950), is perhaps best known in bowling circles for her Hot-n-Tot League which includes children aged 3 and 4. Locally she is known as "The Bankroll" for women's teams—she has sponsored at least 18 quintets in Detroit Women's Bowling Association tournaments for the past 13 years—and for girls who show promise on the lanes but cannot afford to practice. In addition to her bowling interests, she is president of the Sport Queen Dress Co., which this year contributed \$5,000 to a "junior miss" bowling program here. Realizing that even one with her energy requires a holiday, Mrs. Coy takes off two weeks a year—to watch the All-Star competition in Chicago.

As far as the doubles tournament was concerned, the Aldred-Shablis team, if you haven't heard, put on a thrilling last-frame rally to win by two pins over red-haired Stephanie Balogh and graying Delphine Doane of

continued on next page

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Cleveland. Mrs. Aldred, who has sons of 16 and 10, and Mrs. Shablis, with a son of 17 and a daughter aged 14, recorded 6,953 for the 16 games—a 378 average. Elvira Toepler and Connie Powers of Detroit had a fine opportunity to win but fell down in the final game to finish with 6,020, although Miss Toepler's 3,137 (a shade over 196 average) was high for the two-day contest. Sylvia Wene, U.S. singles champion, and Mary Cappel of Philadelphia were a distant fourth with 5,982. Marion Ladewig, considered the greatest woman bowler of all time, did not seem as strained as she did in January at the All-Star, when she lost her title to Miss Wene, but she was still far off her old form. She scored 2,968 (185 average) to land 20th place with Wyle Ryskamp.

Three nights later—Tuesday, March 1—in their first head-to-head meeting since the All-Star, Mrs. Ladewig bowled a 266 game and 658 series to defeat Miss Wene by three pins on the Championship Bowling show in Chicago. Many took this as a hopeful sign that the 40-year-old Grand Rapids, Mich. grandmother has at last started her comeback, but I'm still inclined to believe this will not happen until she has had a rest. Mrs. Ladewig bowled through last summer, hit her peak in October and has been wearily going through the motions since. Like Willie Mays, she has learned that when you stretch a season too long you take the fun out of work. (END)



HORSES

NEW ENGLAND SPIRIT

Nor sleet nor snow nor cold could stop the opening at Lincoln Downs

by **ALBION HUGHES**

IF the ghosts of any of New England's rock-bound moralists were abroad in Rhode Island last Saturday, they saw their worst fears realized. For in this land where the Puritan spirit managed to keep horse racing banned for nearly two centuries, some 15,000 eager followers of turf affairs turned out to attend the opening of Lincoln Downs—and this despite a freezing rain, a temperature in the 20s, and a track that had had three or four tons of rock salt poured on it during the night to melt a four-inch covering of snow. In all truth, these were hardy spirits, rendered durable, perhaps, by simple patience, for it was not until 1933, after Rockingham Park finally won the consent of the New Hampshire legislature, that the Yankees had any chance at all to bet on running horses in their own territory.

Not that those who ventured forth to Lincoln Downs this shivering Saturday were uncomfortable. For this newest and smallest of the New England tracks (it opened in 1947) has all the comforts of home, including glass-enclosed, oil-heated stands. Actually, the paying guests at "Little Line" were much more comfortable, at this earliest opening in the 20-odd years of New England racing, than the customers will be at Jamaica during most of April.

This is primarily due to the foresight of B. A. Dario, an Italian-American, who seems to have the Midas touch. Around Providence his nickname is "Lucky." A Buick dealer, one of the largest in New England, he first

became interested in thoroughbreds about 20 years ago. He had a modest string which he has since parlayed into a successful breeding farm.

Sturdy, dark and fiftyish, Dario might be called the Eugene Mori of the Yankee circuit (Mori, who controls Garden State and Tanforan, has just taken over Hialeah). Both men believe in plowing back the profits and making the customers comfortable.

Dario started by experimenting with Pascoag Park, a tiny half-mile track. Then, grasping opportunity and a perfect location, he built Lincoln Downs and made it one of the most modern tracks of its size in the country.

EVERYTHING AND MORE

Lincoln Downs has everything and more than some of its bigger competitors, including a pleasant three-tiered clubhouse topped by a "Turf Club." It is small (slightly under seven-eighths of a mile), with perfect visibility, a lake in the infield and turns which are not as sharp as you might fear. Horsemen aren't neglected either. For there is a \$50,000 stake, the Lincoln Special on April 18, during the 37-day meeting, one of the two races for this amount on the circuit, the other being the Massachusetts Handicap.

On opening day, the Inaugural 'Cap was taken by Texan T. P. Morgan's Erie which had been racing in New Orleans. He beat the odds-on favorite Blessbull, which just a few weeks ago beat the McLennan winner, Social Outcast, at equal weights in the Palm

Beach 'Cap at Hialeah. The third horse, Park Dandy, strictly a New England runner, which has been away since last August, ran well enough to make me think he'd beat both of them the next time out.

QUICK END TO A VENTURE

New England was the last big section of the country to succumb to the lure of the running horse, although trotters performed there at every county fair since the mid-19th Century. Its first running track, Rockingham Park, was built in 1906 by "Bet-a-Million" Gates and his partner John Drake. These gentlemen thought they had the local politicians in their pockets but they overlooked a couple of crusading senators who, enlisting the aid of a clergyman, put an end to the first Rockingham venture in a mere two or three days.

For a quarter-century after that the ghost track stood forlorn, until 1933 when Lou Smith, pioneer of modern New England racing, finally won the blessing of the legislature to reopen it. Rockingham's quick success established racing in New England.

Just a year later, the colorful Walter O'Hara opened Narragansett Park. Then in 1935 Boston's own track, Suffolk Downs, opened near Revere. So in a few brief years a brand-new circuit was born. It has developed some good horses, too; the best known are Little Beans and the current mystery horse, Boston Doge. (END)

ANNIVERSARY



Aging Jake Schaefer Sr., 31 and past his prime, defeated a brilliant upstart named Willie Hoppe in an 18.2 billiards match 47 years ago this week. Schaefer (The Wizard) had tutored Hoppe (The Boy Wonder) in Paris, where they both lived and played. Through his victory he became the only player to beat Willie in The Wonder's youthful prime. He died two years later, leaving Jake Jr. to provide Hoppe with stiff competition.

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A CURRICULUM FOR TWO-YEAR OLDS

"Man, you gotta learn some manners," is part of the teacher-talk at Hialeah, where juvenile colts and fillies come to learn their duties

by WHITNEY TOWER

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARK KAUFFMAN

ACROSS the misty green of Hialeah's dawn tranquility come occasional volleys of half-serious cussing. "You'll never learn, will you, you stubborn devil!" cries an exercise boy with real exasperation as he tries to keep a frisky young colt from running out on a turn.

A groom leading another youngster carefully down the center of the stretch takes a solid hold on the lead rein as some older horses breeze by. Then he mutters, "Man, you gotta learn some manners like them big boys before I'll ever let go of you."

And so it goes early in the morning—before the bettors come to bet, before the sightseers come to see. The early morning at Hialeah, and, for that matter, the early morning at every race track in the world, is a time for work, for training and for schooling. It is a time for trainers to group near the clockers in the lower grandstand where these professional horsemen compare information learned from experienced eyes and from a hundred steadily ticking stopwatches.

But, possibly more important than anything else, early dawn at Hialeah rings a school bell for hundreds of the year's new crop of two-year-olds who have come from many states, fresh and cocky, for their first lessons in the art and science of thoroughbred racing. Behind them—as yearlings on the farm—are the memories of the first saddle and the first lessons in manners and discipline. Now the classroom is the Hialeah track itself, where the two-year-old of 1955 steps out in surroundings which look as bewildering to him as they once did to such other Hialeah-trained horses as Seabiscuit, Whirlaway, Citation, Dark Star and—more lately—Nashua.

Before he hopes to get into his first three-furlong "baby" race, the young winter visitor has lots to learn. In fact,

before he learns to run amidst the heavy morning traffic, he will often be made to stand quietly close by the infield rail as dozens of horses breeze by, their exercise boys whooping and cussing and calling their mounts every name imaginable—except the ones officially given them by The Jockey Club.

When the time is ripe, and when the youngsters acquire peaceful running habits and a high degree of responsiveness to the commands of the exercise boys, the two-year-old goes into the last—and often the most exacting—test of all: learning to break from the starting gate. Recently, as Bill Winfrey watched a set of Alfred Vanderbilt's two-year-olds walk suspiciously toward the yawning jaws of this monstrous electrical contraption, he aptly summed up the sad future of many a racer. "If they're no good at the gate, they're not likely to be good at anything."

LESSONS CAN BE PAINFUL

At Hialeah's early-morning starting-gate school, supervised by Starter George Cassidy's chief assistant, Harry Palmer, it usually takes three weeks and some 12 to 14 looks at the gate before a two-year-old is cleared for racing. Sometimes these lessons are learned the hard way—with considerable assistance from such persuaders as whips, ear and nose pinchers and some effective rough language. But eventually, as Teacher Palmer puts it, "even the real spooky ones come around."

After a youngster has walked around the gate, he will be walked through it several times as his rider lends encouraging words. Finally he is carefully locked within the seven-foot by 28-inch barred prison. Following a series of walking starts, it's commencement time: a piercing bell, gates flung open and a mad scramble to "dig in."



DAWN PATROL at Hialeah's race track finds groom carefully leading a frisky two-year-old around the course



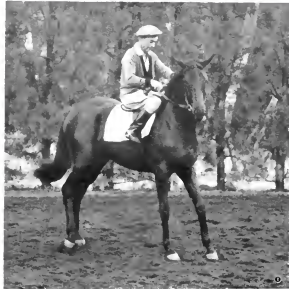
in a quiet familiarization session which is one of the first steps toward a racing career. After such fundamental training, the juvenile will be ready for some three-furlong "baby" races.

FOR GRADUATION EXERCISES, TURN PAGE

GRADUATION TO COLORS

DUCK CALL, a little brown two-year-old filly, is typical of the juveniles trained at Hialeah. To judge from her bloodline heritage (Duck Call is by Devil Diver out of Old Melody 2nd), her Greentree Stable Owners J. H. (Jock) Whitney and Mrs. C. S. Payson may rightfully expect they have another future stakes winner.

But even the well-bred must go to school, and Duck Call had a full course. Then, at the end of preliminary training, Duck Call met her jockey—contract rider Ted Atkinson. Together they went through a final workout, got in a last practice break from the starting gate. The next day came the first race; three furlongs against 12 other first-time starters. Duck Call got a fine start, finally finished second to earn a modest \$700 as part payment on a long-time room-and-board bill. Jockey Atkinson's verdict: "She's tiny, but she's as nice as she can be in every way."



GREENTREE COMBINATION of two-year-old filly Duck Call and Jockey Ted Atkinson got acquainted during final Hialeah workout before first start of Duck Call's career.

FIRST POST PARADE finds Duck Call (JK from right), with Atkinson up again, joining 12 other maiden fillies on way to

the gate for start of a three-furlong dash. Jockeys' tense expressions reflect the extreme strain of riding these first-time starters.





FINAL EXAMINATION runs as Adkinson, showing same determination and drive he always demonstrates in actual races,

gets Duck Call a "11" of practice start with a Greentree stablemate. Riders yell and whoop to make their mounts "dig in."

INTO THE RACING WORLD at last springs Duck Call second time rights. Away clearly ahead of rest of field, she later

was caught and passed by Eric Guerin on Mono Lady (No. 5). But Trainer George Poole was pleased with second-place showing.



COMING EVENTS

● TV ● NETWORK RADIO: ALL TIMES ARE E.S.T. EXCEPT WHEN OTHERWISE NOTED

March 11 through March 20

FRIDAY, MARCH 11

Baseball

Thomas Cup: U.S. vs. Canada, Winnipeg.

Baseball

Baltimore vs. Cincinnati, Daytona Beach, Fla.
Detroit vs. Boston, Sarasota, Fla.
Milwaukee vs. Brooklyn, Miami, Fla.
New York (N) vs. Cleveland, Phoenix, Ariz.
New York (A) vs. St. Louis, St. Petersburg, Fla.
Philadelphia vs. Chicago (A), Clearwater, Fla.
Pittsburgh vs. Washington, Ft. Myers, Fla.

Baseball

NCAA regional tournaments, Philadelphia, Evansville, Ill., Manhattan, Kan., Corvallis, Ore.
Boston vs. New York, New Haven, Conn.

Boxing

● Frankie Ryff vs. Danny Je Perez, lightweights.
● Mad. Sq. Garden, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (NBC)

Swing

Olympic try-outs, Franconia & N. Conway, N.H.

SATURDAY, MARCH 12

Baseball

Boston vs. New York (A), Sarasota, Fla.
Brooklyn vs. Chicago (A), Miami, Fla. (Night)
Chicago (N) vs. New York (N), Mesa, Ariz.
Cincinnati vs. Philadelphia, Tampa, Fla.
Cleveland vs. New York (N), Tucson, Ariz.
Kansas City vs. Washington, W. Palm Beach, Fla.
Milwaukee vs. Detroit, Bradenton, Fla.
St. Louis vs. Pittsburgh, St. Petersburg, Fla.

Baseball

● NIT opening round, Mad. Sq. Garden, N.Y.: Manhattan vs. Louisville, Niagara vs. Lafayette, 2 p.m.; Seton Hall vs. St. Francis (Pa.), 3 p.m.; St. Louis, 8:30 p.m. (Mutual—local blackout).
● Harlem Globetrotters vs. Washington Generals, Great Lakes, Ill., 3 p.m. (CBS).
Minneapolis vs. Philadelphia, Minneapolis.
Rochester vs. Boston, Rochester, N.Y.
● Syracuse vs. Ft. Wayne, Syracuse, 3 p.m. (NBC).

Boxing

Carl (Bobo) Olson vs. Willie Vaughn, middleweights (main), Hollywood, Calif. (10 rds.).

Hockey

NCAA tournament final, Colorado Springs, Col.
Detroit vs. Chicago, Detroit.
Montreal vs. Boston, Montreal.
Toronto vs. New York, Toronto.

Horse Racing

Louise Derby, \$40,000, 1½ m., 3-yr.-olds, Fair Grounds, New Orleans.

Pole

Natl. 12-goal tournament, Squad A Ann, N.Y.C.

Swing

Natl. downhill, slalom & combined, Franconia & N. Conway, N.H.

Track & Field

Milwaukee Journal Games, Milwaukee.

SUNDAY, MARCH 13

Auto Racing

12-hr. Sports Car Grand Prix, Sebring, Fla.

Baseball

Baltimore vs. Birmingham, Osaka, Fla.
Brooklyn vs. Chicago (A), Miami, Fla.
Cincinnati vs. St. Louis, Tampa, Fla.
Cleveland vs. Chicago (N), Tucson, Ariz.
Detroit vs. Milwaukee, Lakeland, Fla.
Kansas City vs. Washington, W. Palm Beach, Fla.
New York (N) vs. Cleveland, Phoenix, Ariz.
New York (A) vs. Boston, St. Petersburg, Fla.
Pittsburgh vs. Philadelphia, Ft. Myers, Fla.

Baseball

Boston vs. New York, Boston.
Syracuse vs. Milwaukee, Syracuse.

Hockey

Boston vs. Montreal, Boston.
Detroit vs. Toronto, Detroit.
New York vs. Chicago, New York.

Pan American Games

Athletic competition begins, Mexico City.

MONDAY, MARCH 14

Baseball

Boston vs. Cincinnati, Sarasota, Fla.
Brooklyn vs. Baltimore, Miami, Fla. (Night)
Kansas City vs. Chicago (A), W. Palm Beach, Fla.
Milwaukee vs. New York (A), Bradenton, Fla.
New York (N) vs. Chicago (N), Phoenix, Ariz.
Philadelphia vs. Pittsburgh, Clearwater, Fla.
St. Louis vs. Detroit, St. Petersburg, Fla.

Baseball

NIT, Mad. Sq. Garden, N.Y.: Duquesne vs. Manhattan-Louisville, 2 p.m.; Niagara-Lafayette, 9:15 p.m. (Mutual—local blackout). Milwaukee vs. Philadelphia, Milwaukee.

Boxing

● Rudy Garcia vs. Nabe Brooks, featherweights, Eastern Play, Brooklyn, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (ABC—local blackout).
● Mabo Savage vs. Sammy Walker, middleweights, St. Nick's, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (Du Mont).
Ralph Dugas vs. Kenny Lane, lightweights, New Orleans (10 rds.).

TUESDAY, MARCH 15

Baseball

Brooklyn vs. Baltimore, Miami, Fla. (Night).
Detroit vs. St. Louis, Lakeland, Fla.
Milwaukee vs. Boston, Bradenton, Fla.
New York (N) vs. Cleveland, Phoenix, Ariz.
New York (A) vs. Philadelphia, St. Petersburg, Fla.
Pittsburgh vs. Cincinnati, Ft. Myers, Fla.

Baseball

● NIT, Mad. Sq. Garden, N.Y.: Holy Cross vs. Seton Hall-St. Francis, 2 p.m.; Dayton vs. Connecticut-St. Louis, 9:15 p.m. (Mutual—local blackout).

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 16

Baseball

Brooklyn vs. Baltimore, Vero Beach, Fla.
Cleveland vs. New York (B), Tucson, Ariz.
Detroit vs. Kansas City, Lakeland, Fla.
Milwaukee vs. St. Louis, Bradenton, Fla.
New York (N) vs. Chicago (N), Phoenix, Ariz.
New York (A) vs. Chicago (A), St. Petersburg, Fla.
Philadelphia vs. Boston, Clearwater, Fla.
Washington vs. Cincinnati, Jacksonville, Fla.

Boxing

● Kid Gavilan vs. Bobby Cykes, welterweights, Miami, Fla. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (CBS).

Golf

North & South Women's Tourney, Pinehurst, N.C.

Hockey

Boston vs. Detroit, Boston.
Chicago vs. New York, St. Louis.

THURSDAY, MARCH 17

Baseball

Baltimore vs. Brooklyn, Daytona Beach, Fla.
Boston vs. Milwaukee, Sarasota, Fla.
Chicago (A) vs. Kansas City, Tampa, Fla.
Cleveland vs. Chicago (N), Tucson, Ariz.
Detroit vs. Philadelphia, Lakeland, Fla.
New York (A) vs. St. Louis, St. Petersburg, Fla.
Washington vs. Cincinnati, Orlando, Fla.

Baseball

● NIT semi-finals, Mad. Sq. Garden, N.Y.: 9:15 p.m. (Mutual—local blackout).

Boxing

Floyd Patterson vs. Ego Ferdinand, light heavyweights, Oakland, Calif. (10 rds.).
Del Fierago vs. Johnny Brattin, welterweights, St. Paul, Minn. (10 rds.).

Golf

St. Petersburg Open, St. Petersburg, Fla.

Hockey

Montreal vs. Detroit, Montreal.

FRIDAY, MARCH 18

Baseball

Baltimore vs. Washington, Daytona Beach, Fla.
Chicago (N) vs. Cleveland B, Mesa, Ariz.
Cincinnati vs. Boston, Tampa, Fla.
Kansas City vs. New York (A), W. Palm Beach, Fla.
New York (N) vs. Cleveland: Las Vegas, Nev.
Philadelphia vs. Detroit, Clearwater, Fla.
Pittsburgh vs. Milwaukee, Ft. Myers, Fla.
St. Louis vs. Chicago (A), St. Petersburg, Fla.

Baseball

NCAA semi-finals, Municipal Stad., Kansas City.

Boxing

● Carmelo Costa vs. Joey Lopez, featherweights, Mad. Sq. Garden, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (NBC).
Archie Moore vs. Frankie Barnett, heavyweights, San Diego (10 rds.).

Figure Skating

U.S. Figure Skating championships, Los Angeles.

Swing

American Intl. championships, Stowe, Vt.

SATURDAY, MARCH 19

Baseball

Brooklyn vs. New York (A), Miami (Night).
Chicago (N) vs. Hollywood, Mesa, Ariz.
Chicago (A) vs. Philadelphia, Tampa, Fla.
Detroit vs. Boston, Lakeland, Fla.
Milwaukee vs. Cincinnati, Bradenton, Fla.
New York (N) vs. Cleveland, Los Angeles.
St. Louis vs. Pittsburgh, St. Petersburg, Fla.
Washington vs. Kansas City, Orlando, Fla.

Baseball

● NIT final, Mad. Sq. Garden, N.Y.: 9:30 p.m. (Mutual—local blackout).
NCAA final, Municipal Stad., Kansas City.

Hockey

Montreal vs. New York, Montreal.
Toronto vs. Chicago, Toronto.

Horse Racing

Gulfstream Pk. Handicap, \$50,000, 1½ m., 3-yr.-olds up, Gulfstream Pk., Fla.

SUNDAY, MARCH 20

Baseball

Baltimore vs. Kansas City, Daytona Beach, Fla.
Boston vs. Detroit, Sarasota, Fla.
Brooklyn vs. New York (A), Miami, Fla. (Night).
Chicago (N) vs. Hollywood, Mesa, Ariz.
Chicago (A) vs. Cincinnati, Tampa, Fla.
New York (N) vs. Cleveland, Los Angeles.
Philadelphia vs. Pittsburgh B, Ft. Myers, Fla.
St. Louis vs. Milwaukee, St. Petersburg, Fla.
Washington vs. Pittsburgh, Orlando, Fla.

Hockey

Boston vs. Chicago, Boston.
Detroit vs. Montreal, Detroit.
New York vs. Toronto, New York.

RECORD BREAKERS

● **Jack Wardrop**, freewheeling University of Michigan swimmer from Scotland, covered 220-yard free-style in 2:08.4, smashed world record for second time in two weeks, in Big Ten championship at Columbus, Ohio. ● **Al Wiggins** of Ohio State churned 150-yard individual medley in 1:24.3 for new U.S. mark in same meet. ● **Al Ferrari**, sharpshooting Michigan State forward, dropped in 21 foul shots for new Big Ten

standard as Spartans beat Indiana 93-77 at East Lansing, Mich. ● **Furman**, only major college team to average 90 points a game for three straight years, ended season with 95.2 mark for 37 games, bettered own record of 91.7 set last year. ● **Aisar Khan**, 20-year-old Indian, swallowed glucose and vitamin tablets for nourishment, pedaled his bicycle four days, 19 hours, 20 minutes, claimed new world endurance record at Bombay.

BASKETBALL

San Francisco coasted past **College of Pacific** 67-57, Santa Clara 73-61 for 21st straight, year-end record of 23-1, became nation's No. 1 team in final AP poll.

Kentucky swept over **Alabama** 66-53, crushed **Tennessee** 104-61, won 18th Southeastern Conference title and NCAA bid. Grateful fans celebrated Coach **Adolph Rupp's** 25th anniversary at Kentucky, presented him with two-tone Cadillac.

North Carolina State put on pressure in second half, cooled off Duke 87-77, won Atlantic Coast Conference play-offs.

West Virginia's clowning **Hot Rod Hundley** scored 30 points, led Mountaineers to 53-48 overtime win over **George Washington** for Southern Conference tournament honors.

Iowa rallied in final minutes on points by **Sharrn Scheuerman** and **Deacon Davis**, beat **Minnesota** 72-70, clinched Big Ten title when Gophers were upset by **Wisconsin** 73-72 at week's end.

Oregon State surprised **UCLA** 82-75, 83-64, captured Pacific Coast Conference play-off. **Wade** (Sweden) **Halbrook**, big State center, got 60 points in two games.

Notre Dame upset **Marquette** 85-64, ended Warriors' 22-game winning streak. **Jack Stephens** scored 35 for Irish.

Colorado bowled over **Missouri** 66-57, outscored **Nehrales** 77-66, took first outright Big Seven championship.

Duquesne, top-seeded in NIT, suffered first-half lethargy, recovered in time to beat **St. Bonaventure** 68-50 on scoring of **Dick Rickette** and **St. Green**. **Duquesne** Coach **Dudley Moore** was rewarded with three-year contract.

St. Louis edged **Houston** 90-87, beat **Oklahoma** 71-59, tied **Tulsa**, 77-62 visitor over **Wichita**, for **Missouri Valley** Conference crown. Conference committee sent **Tulsa** to **NCAA**, **St. Louis** to **NIT**.

Andrews AFB breezed past **Quintec** 87-74 for 43rd straight victory in unbeat season, won mythical inter-service title. **Chiff Hagaa**, former **Kentucky All-America**, paced **Andrews** with 25 points.

Tem Gola of **La Salle** was unanimous choice as last of major All-America teams appeared this week. Here with a rough consensus of selections of AP, UP, INS, *Collier's*, *Look* (*Look* picked 10 men on first team). Picked on all five teams: **Gola**. Picked on four teams: **Dick Rickette** and **St. Green** of **Duquesne**, **Bill Russell** of **San Francisco**. Picked on three teams: **Dick Garmaker** of **Minnesota**.

Syracuse Nationals beat **St. Wayne**, **New York**, **Milwaukee**, **Philadelphia**, ran winning streak to seven, clinched Eastern Division title in NBA. **Knicks** won three of

four, held second place as slumping **Boston Celtics** stayed ahead of **Warriors** in battle for play-off berth.

St. Wayne lost to **Boston** 108-104 but took Western Division crown when second-place **Minneapolis Lakers** dropped game to **Milwaukee**.

BOXING

Joey Giardello, leading middleweight challenger, smashed stocky **Peter Mueller** on conscious at end of first round, knocked out groggy German import with powerful right in second at **Milwaukee**. **Giardello's** next big engagement is set for March 14 when he will stand trial on assault charges in **Philadelphia**.

Charles Humes of France, European middleweight champion, blasted **Pierre Langlois** to canvas twice with rapid-fire punches, scored fifth-round TKO in Paris, set sights on shot at **Bobo Olson's** crown.

Chico Vejar, 23-year-old NYU drama student, took veteran **Billy Graham's** best punches, outlasted onetime welterweight contender in fast 10-rounder, captured split decision in **New York**.

Johnny Saxton sidestepped No. 1 challenger **Carmen Basilio**, signed to defend welterweight title against hard-hitting **Tony DeMarco** April 1 at **Boston Garden**, winner to meet **Basilio** April 29 at **Syracuse**.

TRACK AND FIELD

Wes Santee of **Kansas**, fresh out of name competition, forgot about creasing records, was content to coast to 30-year victory in 4:10.4 **Columbian Mile** at **K of C** games in **New York** after receiving permission to report late to U.S. track team for **Pan American** games in **Mexico City**. Other **K of C** winners: **Joe Gaffney** of **Shanahan A.C.** broke on top, upset favored **Mal Whitfield** in blanket-finish 600-yard dash in 1:21.1; **Ron Delany** of **Villanova** edged **Fordham's**

Tom Courtney in 1,600-yard run in fast 2:19.1; **Art Bragg** won 50-yard dash in 0:06.3; veteran **Harrison Dillard** tied meet record with 0:07.2 in 60-yard high hurdles; **Horace Ashenfelter** romped to easy win in two-mile race in 8:56.6; **Bob Richards** scored 15 feet 4 1/2 inches for new meet record in pole vault; **Vic Fritts** leaped 6 feet 8 inches, won high jump.

HORSE RACING

St. Vincent, English-bred chestnut colt with English-born **Jehany Longden** up, fought off **Determine** and **Gigante** in thrilling stretch duel, flashed home first by half-length in \$115,800 **San Juan Capistrano Handicap** at **Santa Anita, Calif.**

Slam, last year's grass champion, came up from last place with rush at urging of jockey **Johnny Adams**, passed **Capador** and **Iceberg II**, took cruising \$63,400 **Hialeah Turf Handicap** at **Hialeah Park, Fla.**

Sea O'Erin, **Hasty House Farms'** strong 4-year-old, swept into lead at first turn, set blistering pace, outlasted **Wise Margin** and **Spur On**, won by neck in \$62,900 **New Orleans Handicap** at **Fair Grounds**.

Nashua, **Belair Stud's** juvenile champion of 1954, topped list of 125 nominees for richest **Kentucky Derby** at **Churchill Downs** May 7. Among other notable entries: **Blue Racer**, **Boston Dege**, **Jeon's** **Prince Noro**, **Royal Courage**, **Saratoga**, **Summer Tan**, **Swaps**, **Trentonian**.

COURT TENNIS

Albert (Jack) Johnson, 38-year-old U.S. champion, outguffed **James Dear** of England seven sets to four in **New York**, took lead in first half of home-and-home series for world open title, prepared to meet **Dear** again in England late next month.

Alester B. Martin of **Glen Head, L.I.** played with badly blistered left foot but overcame aggressive performance by **Shelton-Norpe** **Knox** 6-2, 6-4, 1-6, 6-4, took U.S. amateur crown for seventh time at **Philadelphia**.

SWIMMING

Ohio State piled up 123 points, set four new records, captured seventh straight Big Ten title at **Columbus, Ohio**. **Backeyes** were led by **Hawkins-born Yoshi Oyakawa**, who lowered marks in 100-, 200-yard backstroke; **Ford Konno**, who cracked 440-yard free-style standard, won 1,500-meter free-style; **Al Wiggins**, who set U.S. record in 150-yard individual medley.

Oklahoma took early lead in Big Seven meet at **Lincoln, Neb.**, stayed in front to take crown.

HOCKEY

Montreal Canadiens whipped **Toronto** and **Boston**, defeated and tied **Chicago**, held

BASKETBALL'S TOP TEN

(Verdict of the Associated Press writers' poll)
Team standings (this week with points figured on a 10-8-6-4-3-2-1 basis. First-place votes in parentheses):

	Points
1-San Francisco (67)	1,424
2-Kentucky (58)	1,358
3-La Salle (45)	1,043
4-North Carolina State (3)	788
5-Iowa (35)	734
6-Duquesne	695
7-Utah (4)	581
8-Marquette (3)	439
9-Oxyten (4)	304
10-Oregon State (5)	288

11-Oregon State 11, Minnesota 244; 12, Alabama (1) 157; 13, UCLA 137; 14, George Washington 114; 15, Colorado (1) 110

THE FIELDER'S FRIEND

His glove, of course—and here are some tips on the best way of picking one, and how to care for it when it's yours

ONE THING about sandlot ball that hasn't changed, even though the lot itself has lost all signs of sand, is the friendly custom of players swapping gloves between innings. There never was a time—and still isn't—when a pickup game had enough gloves to go around. But that's all to the good because a better way couldn't be thought up for a young ballplayer to shop around for the right mitt.

Anyone who has ever owned a glove he truly cherished knows it's not something to be picked from a catalog, like a package of garden seeds or a pair of moccasins. On the field it means just about the same thing to him that the rifle means to the Marine on patrol: the big weapon to be relied upon in the tight spot. Often, to use the big leaguer's favorite phrase for it, the glove can be the difference between the confident sandlotter and the one who is never quite sure whether that grounder won't skip between his legs. As George Kell, the past American League all-star third baseman once put it: "Regard your glove as your best friend. A good glove, well taken care of, can improve your fielding 100%."

IT'S WORTH THE WAITING

Sandlot-swapping is the way the young player gets to know the different models and how they help or hinder him in action on the field. These facts tracked down, he can pick up a sports catalog and use it to real advantage. He can check up on what his favorite model costs, then put off sinking his money in just any old glove until the time comes when he can afford the one he knows he needs. If it takes a little waiting, he knows by now that it's worth that much. Because his experience with it in action tells him it will have a lot to do with how good a fielder

he'll become in the next few years.

He's got a big advantage, in terms of the glove, over the sandlotters who played out the string before the late 1930s. Because that was the time when the people who make baseball gloves finally got around to making them a whole lot more sensibly. They made many changes in the glove, all designed to help fielders field better. Up to then a good fielder on a sandlot was pretty hard to find. No wonder.

In those earlier days the player had to use a glove that was practically peanut-sized compared to the one used today. It was also lumpy with padding—so lumpy, in fact, that the first thing he did with it after buying it was to cut open the cowhide and take out as much of the padding as he figured was in the way of catching a ball. Then he styled the pocket to suit his personal feel, much in the manner of a cook making pécusut.

It's part of the world's general progress that this sort of glove is no longer with us. The fielder's friend was finally given a really thorough look in the late '30s, and with it the fielder came into a more abundant life. Not only was the glove made much larger, but it was reshaped so that its catching area was not just a skimpy pocket in dead center—it became the diagonal area (dubbed "the long axis" by its manufacturers) which extends all the way from the web down to the heel. The web itself had then been but a single strap; now it was doubled, later tripled, into the solid strip which is currently called "the tunnel web."

Next, a pocket was built into it—pre-formed by stretching the glove over a hot metal form in the factory. This metal form not only stretched the glove, but the seams as well. So today any sandlotter who blames his

errors on the glove of his choice is what Ring Lardner long ago made a permanent character in baseball literature under the name of Alibi Ike.

Despite the fact that so much has been done to the glove, it still needs the tender care of a flower. You can generally tell the ballplayer who respects his glove by the way he treats it. He doesn't leave it lying around in the sun when he's through using it. He's apt to wipe it off with a cloth after he gets home so that the sweat and grime won't get rubbed into the cowhide when he oils it. And a regular oiling job—being careful not to use so much that it soaks through to the padding—is to the life of a glove what a fresh log is to the life of a campfire.

A number of oils are good for the glove, and some big leaguers even use vaseline. But the business end of the sports trade mostly favors neatsfoot oil which can be bought in small bottles under various trade names (about 25¢). When storing the glove for the winter, the makers of it think it should be oiled both inside and out, then sprinkled lightly with antiseptic powder. The three agents which do the most damage to a glove are: moisture, dirt, and a high temperature in the place where it's stored.

Finding the right glove for the particular player has nothing to do with the price tag. Nobody can really tell anybody what the right glove is, for him. A boy has to find out for himself, through the feel of it in action. And the only sure way to do that is to keep on swapping gloves between innings, deep in the heart of the sandlots.

—DUANE DECKER



TYPES OF GLOVE: INFILDER'S (LEFT); PITCHER'S; FIRST BASEMAN'S; OUTFILDER'S



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William W. Holman, Advertising Director, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, N. Y. 20, N. Y.



JUSTICE

Sirs:

Just read the college hockey story (SI, Feb. 21). It was nothing short of terrific and we all feel you did real justice to a great and growing sport.

K. G. FRIEDSCHLAG
Colorado College

Colorado Springs, Col.

BRIEF BUT ADEQUATE

Sirs:

Congratulations on your article *U.S. Colleges Take to the Ice*. This is the first magazine article I've read which gives brief, but adequate, coverage to the subject.

FRED WHITNEY

Syracuse, N.Y.

SHALL I SAY MIFFED?

Sirs:

As a Hamilton College (located about 12 miles southeast of Utica, N.Y.) graduate I was a little miffed, shall I say, with the lack of mention of this great little college in your article on college hockey in your Feb. 21 issue.

Back in the late teens and early 20s a group of students at Hamilton decided they wanted to play hockey. They were granted permission to flood and maintain an area in the open behind one of the dorms. This they did and before long were playing quite a rugged schedule.

The student body was less than 400 in those days, but by 1923 they were playing a schedule consisting of such teams as St. Lawrence, Clarkson, RPI, Cornell, Colgate, Yale, Harvard, Penn, Williams, Princeton, McGill, Queens, Amherst and others. If my memory serves me correctly, they never had a losing season from the fall of 1920 to the spring of 1928. In fact, I would be surprised if they hadn't had winning seasons up until the time the importation of Canadian players began.

Mr. Albert E. Prettyman, Hamilton College Athletic Director at that time, took over the reins as hockey coach. He was so well thought of that later he was asked to guide the destinies of the U.S. Olympic hockey team in 1936. A member of the Hamilton team, Francis F. Baker, was on the Olympic squad in that year.

It is interesting to note that Hamilton was the first college to have an enclosed rink, with the possible exception of the Hobey Baker rink at Princeton.

Even without Canadian imports, Hamilton still fields a pretty fair hockey team.

MARVIN H. HOWE

Rochester, N.Y.

● Hamilton's big year was '21, when team went undefeated against strong opposition. This season was a rather lean one, with wins only over Springfield, the Alumni and AIC; a tied game with Williams; and losses against Clarkson, Army, Williams, RPI, Middlebury, St. Lawrence, Queens and Norwich.—ED.

FAMILIAR PARALLEL

Sirs:

SI's U.S. Colleges Take to the Ice did wonders in building up college hockey. My interest stems from the fact that four of my best friends are currently enrolled at North Dakota University on hockey scholarships. I feel, like many more of my Canadian counterparts, that the Canadian boys can only do good for the best spectator sport of the winter months.

There is a familiar parallel to the way the American stars have built up our Canadian football in the last five or six years. We welcomed them with open arms, not in the light that they would steal the limelight. We in Canada like to feel that our Canadian hockey players are received in like manner. Let the Canadian boys participate and they can't but help to foster the game in a true sportsmanlike fashion.

Hats off again to a truly great sport.

RONALD W. CALDER

Winnipeg, Manitoba

HAT TRICK

Sirs:

With your Feb. 21 issue, SI went on my required reading list. At last your magazine has recognized the growing popularity of collegiate hockey.

We hockey fans in the North Country were pleased to read Whitney Tower's article and hope that it is an indication that SI will keep an eye on collegiate hockey.

I have an item of news which may interest your hockey readers. Last weekend the AP carried a story about Jim Pope, a defense man from RPI who made three goals in 1:48 minutes in the Northeastern game. We agree this is a feat, but we think credit should be given to our own Tommy Meeker, right wing on the first line, who turned in the hat trick (three goals) in 15 seconds in the Clarkson-Hamilton game here on February 12. Tommy, the brother of Canadian



HAT TRICKSTER MEKER

hockey pro Howie Meeker, scored at 19:18, 19:28 and 19:33 of the first period of that game.

BETTY BADERMAN

Potsdam, N.Y.

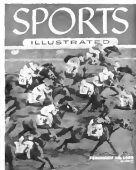
WINNIN' AWAY?

Sirs:

I bet the No. 10 horse! Did I get left at the post or am I winnin' away on top?

JOHN C. ROSETTER

Elmwood Park, Ill.



WHO WON?

● You were in your stall munching oats. No. 10, Trout Lure, was scratched just before the race. No. 9, Dove Tint, went to the post with 10 other horses in the first race, January 19th, at Hialeah, a mile and a furlong, \$3,500 claiming race. No. 1, Halcyon Chance, hugged the rail after the break (see cut), led at every pole and won. No. 5, Chief Loco, placed and Toy Fox, No. 7, found a way out of the scramble to show. Dopesters Rosetter and Hendrix (see below) are in good company: few present that day believed that Halcyon Chance, never a winner in 21 starts, was aptly named.—ED.

CURIOUS SCRAMBLE

Sirs:

Having enjoyed the excitement of Mark Kauffman's Feb. 28 cover of the Hialeah scramble for position, could you satisfy my curiosity in letting me know who won? No. 9 looked like a strong horse.

JOHN HENDRIX

Grand Island, Neb.

● Looks are deceptive. See above.—ED.

UNAVERAGE ANGELS

Sirs:

I sincerely appreciate your article on the U.S. Navy Flight Demonstration Team

(SI, Feb. 21) (*Blue Angels*). However, the Navy does not consider that this type of flying is a sport. It is hard, exacting work designed to demonstrate to flight students and to the American public the capabilities of modern, carrier-based fighter aircraft and the basic techniques and maneuvers of the Naval aviator. Naturally, of course, the average pilot is not called upon to perform these maneuvers at low altitude or with such close spacing.

Notwithstanding this small complaint, I thoroughly enjoy each issue of SI.

A. K. DOTY
Vice Admiral, USN
Chief of Naval Air Training
Pensacola, Fla.

● SI called the *Blue Angels* acrobats "the most expensive and exclusive of sports," pointed out that although cost and skill limited participation to a handful of naval aviators, millions of spectators have witnessed the weekly air shows.—ED.

BLUE ANGELS VS. SKY BLAZERS Sirs:

Re your *Blue Angels* photo article in the Feb. 21 issue of SI. Knock it off, Mac! The Angels are strictly for the birds. The USAF has had jet stunt teams since the days of the P-80s, and the U.S. Navy, always on the ball to pick up a good deal that someone else had gotten to rolling, latched onto this idea of a jet stunt team.

Like old Nate Forrest, the USAF is usually the fastest with the mostest, and one of the "mostest" is Major Harry K. Evans, commander of the 599th Fighter-Bomber Squadron at Langley AFB, Va., originator, trainer and mentor of the Air Force's "Sky Blazers," an F-84 jet acrobatic team that not only parlayed USAF influence and skills in the skies of Europe, but kept the ante up to its present-day high. This major is somewhat fantastic, too. Has over 3,000 jet hours and when his plane conked out on him not too long ago at altitude he was far from smashing down on the old red "panic button." Instead, "... so I lit a cigarette and rode her down to 5,000 before ejecting."

Major Evans is a great pilot who brooks no sloppiness. As a result he's got a hot outfit, and if the "*Blue Angels*" start gimicking around Langley they'd better look out, for the "master" will probably show them a few tricks of the trade!

SERGEANT'S NAME WITHHELD
Langley Air Force Base, Va.



SKY BLAZER EVANS

LOVE LITTER

Sirs:

We raise our dripping hands in salute to SI for nationally publicizing underwater sports events.

Our latest cheers—for "Under the Ice" (SI, Feb. 21), which illustrates the point that skin diving can be fun any time.

For proof that even ice diving has its rewards, submerging under eight inches of ice, we found in addition to two automobiles, three silver trophies awarded to a team in 1910, a flintlock pistol, long-playing records and an old shovel. Most engaging item: a suitcase of love letters (revealing the past of a young lady from Chicago). After a studied examination, the club ceremoniously burned all evidence.

VEREN PETERSEN

Chicago



ICEWAN GONETH

FORGIVE AND FORGET

Sirs:

This, my very first letter to the editor in a long lifetime, is to complain that you not only failed to mention in your Feb. 28 issue that Iowa defeated Michigan State and Illinois—both strong teams—over the weekend; but you incorrectly credited Minnesota with having "outloughed" Iowa 89-70.

The volume of letters such as this that you receive from Iowans should be a significant test of the current circulation and readership of SI in Iowa.

Iowa fans will forgive and forget if your next issue prominently mentions the victory fully expected by Iowa over Minnesota next Monday, which will be the big one.

L. H. MARTIN

Des Moines, Iowa

● The volume was high. It was, of course, Indiana that bowed to Minnesota. Iowa's wins over Michigan State, Illinois and Minnesota all occurred too late in the editorial week to be listed anywhere except in SCOREBOARD'S "Other Results."—ED.

1500 FOR A CASUAL BROWSING

Sirs:

On the radio program *College Quiz*, four young men representing Notre Dame lost to four young women from Holyoke 190 to 175. The Notre Dame quartet missed the two last questions, worth 10 points each, and therewith lost the contest. In those questions they were asked to identify the names Hayes Alan Jenkins and Kippax Fearnought.

Please mail four sample copies of SI to the College Quiz Team, Notre Dame University, South Bend, Indiana, and point

out to the four young men that even a casual browsing through the issues of Feb. 14 and 28 would have supplied them with the information necessary to win \$500 for their university.

ALVAR NORRBECK

Minneapolis

WHERE?

Sirs:

Like many thousand other readers, I would like information as to where the three midget cars, Tri-Car, Messerschmitt and Isotta (SI, Feb. 28) might be available in this country. The Alfa Romeo BAT 5 also sounds very interesting and any additional information you may have on that car will be very greatly appreciated.

V. B. STONECIPHER

Chattanooga, Tenn.

● The Tri-Car is available f.o.b. Wheatland, Pa. at \$995 for the Suburbanette and \$1,095 for the Stationette model. Headquarters for the company is 1010 Vermont Avenue, Washington, D.C. The Messerschmitt costs \$895 f.o.b. New York, and Gordon Motors Corp., 93 Nassau Street, New York are the people to talk to. The Isotta (\$995 f.o.b. New York) has just arrived in the showroom of Ducati Motors, 1877 Broadway, New York. But the Alfa Romeo BAT 5, an experimental model, is available only on special order (from Ducati). Put in your order with a \$25,000 check and you can cruise silently at 160 mph in a highly unorthodox (inward-sloping rear fender fins), aerodynamically correct body.—ED.

HERE IS A CORNER

Sirs:

I read with much interest your article on Frank Selys' brother (SI, Feb. 28). He sounds like a corner and more power to him. All of which prompts this letter calling your attention to Pete Corbett of Christian Brothers Academy at Syracuse, N.Y.

(continued on next page)



PETE CORBETT

He is 17 years old, a junior, is 6 feet 10 inches tall. In one game he scored 51 points (21 B, 9 F.). Another game, 42 points. Another, he scored 43 points and his team broke a high-score record with 115-79. During this game he must have set some sort of a record when he made good on 23 of 27 tries from the foul line. The last I heard he had broken the all-time scoring record of 338. In this game he got 28 points, which gave him 379 points for 12 games with two still to be played.

The City League is as fast a high school league as there is in western N.Y., so the teams CBA played were no pushovers. Thanks for reading this far. May it be of interest to you.

A. B. PATTERSON

Newton Centre, Mass.
P.S. Curiosity got the best of me. I just phoned Syracuse and learned that they won their last game and the championship. Corbett tallied 33 points and ended up the season with 429 points.

A BIG SEER, 500

Sir:

Enjoyed reading in SI, Feb. 28 Albin Hughes' excellent article on the coming Flamingo Stakes at Hialeah on Saturday. However, in fairness to Jockey Willie



JOCKEY HARTACK

Hartack, whom he mentioned as never yet winning a really big stake race, it should be recalled that last Labor Day Hartack, in collaboration with Ada Rice's Fat Bully, took top honors in the \$167,850 Washington Park Handicap at Chicago. The winner's share was \$110,000!

VIC THORNTON

Naperville, Ill.

• True, Jockey Hartack hit some big jackpots with victories in the Woodward Memorial (\$50,000), U.N. Handicap (\$67,500), as well as the Washington Park Handicap. Hartack has for the last two years placed second in number of wins to Willie Shoemaker, is better known for just plain winning than for winning major classics (i.e., Derby, Preakness, Belmont etc.). But at 22 he has many a season ahead of him.—ED.

THE MASTER AND THE MYSTERY

Sir:

Messrs. McDowell and Tinanoff are entirely correct in their letters published in 19th Hole, Feb. 21.

When your reporter said that the figure of 53 plus times 10 to the 27th power should be multiplied by 24 he was entirely wrong. I don't know whether or not Mr. Steinwald

was responsible for the error. I do know that I never concurred in anyway, shape or form.

If your reporter had wished to give my exact connection with the mystery he would have said that I told him that the duplication was the result of neither hand being shuffled and that the hand resulted from the fact that new decks are always put into duplicate boards in the same fashion. Based on this statement by me he did an excellent reportorial job by actually tracking down the man who puts the cards in the boards and seeing how he does it etc.

My other connection was to give him the figure of 53 etc. I said at the time that I had shown how to calculate in my book *How To Figure the Odds* published by Doubleday and Co. in 1948.

I would not bother you with this letter if it were not for the fact that I am very jealous of my reputation for mathematical accuracy and I do not like any of your readers to think that I concurred in this error. I should have written the minute I saw the original article, but I failed to realize the fact that you have so many readers who are able to spot such things instantly, and I did not want to make a mountain out of a molehill.

Incidentally, let me congratulate you again on your most interesting magazine. I am sure that your reporter's use of "Oswald Jacoby concurred" was meant for the fact that I concurred that the cards had not been shuffled and certainly the article as a whole is a magnificent job.

OSWALD JACOBY

Dallas, Texas

• Bridge Master Jacoby's mathematical reputation remains untarnished.—ED.

EAST VS. WEST

Sir:

Your inclusive report on National Ski Association director's war was commendable for its grasp of a situation which until now has been only a rising ground swell among those familiar with skiing's management.

You presented the main due to the unpleasant situation of confusion now developing when, in your interview with Mr. Sigal, he revealed his basic thinking by

stating, "We don't need the East." . . . Nowadays the voting strength of the East is about one-third the total.

If Mr. Sigal is to have his way he has only to line up the entire West against the East. Strangely, however, there are many ski association people in the West who are more responsible in their appreciation of national skiing problems than Mr. Sigal appears to be and who can tip his apple cart. Further research into this controversy will reveal that even now gloom has risen over his western-only horizon.

Most contrasting is the fact that the Eastern group does not feel that it and the national ski sport can get along without the West.

EDWARD C. NEWELL

Boston

ARE THEY NOT NORTH AMERICAN?

Sir:

SURPRISED IN VIEW OF CANADIAN CIRCULATION NO MENTION OF BOWDEN AND DAFOR WHO WON WORLD'S PAIR CHAMPIONSHIP FOR SECOND YEAR, EVEN IF U.S. PAIR WHO WERE FOURTH ARE OF INTEREST TO U.S. HEADLINES THE WINNERS STILL WOULD HAVE BEEN NORTH AMERICAN.

W. P. GILBRIDE

Toronto



CANADIANS DAFOR AND BOWDEN

• Herewith World Pair Champions.—ED.



"And hurry it up, I'm hungry."



James Everett, Epsom 1871 By Theodor Sauter

John Housefield, Right Royal

*And smiting the turf
to clods that scattered
Was the rush of the race,
the thing that mattered,
A tide of horses in fury flowing,
Beauty of speed in glory going...*

John Housefield, Right Royal

Low, sleek and fast flying...

the Pedwin
racer



Get away fast in this smarter,
sleeker low-slung shoe in
charcoal grain. Two-eyelet moc
toe with raised outline
stitching. Pedwin Division,
Brown Shoe Company, St. Louis

995

Other styles \$8.95 and \$9.95
Higher Dancer Wrist



pedwin
YOUNG IDEAS IN SHOES